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JACK'S CHICKENS.

"I KNOW one thing," said Jack, shaking his head like a wiseacre: "I know I'll have a sled next winter, if I have to work for it. A fellow can't do any thing without a sled between schools, and as for borrowing all the time, why, somebody loses half the coasting that way; and, besides, the boys won't lend always."

"How are you going to get it, Jack?" asked Fan, urging a slipper she had just made several sizes too small upon the plump foot of her doll. "The way I got the 'Countess of Blessington?' I had to tease ever and ever so hard first, and that did n't bring her; then I cried, and that did n't bring her either; then I saved all my money, and the quarter I had for learning the Multiplication Table, — I've forgotten it all, though, except the twos and the fives, — and ten cents for finding mother's thimble, and the other quarter for taking rhubarb — ugh! — when I was sick: and so I bought it my own self."

"What's a doll?" cried Jack; "it does n't cost half so much as a sled, and it is n't any good, either. I would n't give two cents for all the dolls that were ever stuffed with sawdust."

"Oh," said Fan, "Jacky would n't because he could n't."

"Phew! I'm going to get some eggs and an old hen, and she's going to set on them and hatch a lot of chickens; and I'm going to fat them, and sell them at Thanksgiving time, and buy my sled with the money. Is n't that something like?"

"Yes," said Fan, "but how do you know she will want to set?"

"How do I know? Don't hens always set on

eggs? Did n't Aunt Katy's Bantam hatch nine, all by herself?"

"Yes," repeated Fan, who was fond of imagining a case, "but what if the eggs don't hatch? What then?"

"What then?" said Jack, rather puzzled; "why, — hem — well, I'll buy some more eggs."

"What are you going to buy them with?" she asked. "You never save your money; you always buy a pipe to blow bubbles with, or 'ju-ju' paste, or a top, or something."

"I can't help that," he answered, rattling a nail, a lead sinker, and a counterfeit sixpence in his pocket; "a fellow must have his change for those sorts of things. People don't like to be treated, and never treat a boy back."

"But how shall you manage?" asked the anxious little busybody.

"Manage! Me and Aunt Katy" —

"Mother always tells us to say 'Aunt Katy and I,'"

"Well; Aunt Katy and I. Anyhow, we've made a plan between us: she's to set me up in business, she says; she's to lend me the eggs on eight months' credit, and a setting hen."

"How does she know there'll be a setting hen?"

"Seems to me you don't understand any thing about hens and chickens!" he exclaimed, quite impatient of such ignorance. "Hens are always wanting to set, and sometimes they have to be ducked, to put it out of their heads."

"Do they quack then?" asked Fan.

"Of course not; they cackle some, though, I

suppose," replied Jack, none too keen for a joke. "But, as I was telling you, Aunt Katy lends me the eggs and hen for so many months, and when the chickens are all hatched, fatted, and sold, I pay her back with interest."

"What interest? I should think you would pay her with money!"

"Well, interest is money, don't you see? Eggs are thirty cents a dozen now; but I don't pay for them till next November, when I give her thirty cents for the eggs and ten for interest, for letting me have 'em all that time for nothing."

"I don't see how she can wait so long."

"Phew! I don't think that's long. But I am to give her my note. You go and bring the pen and ink and I'll write it now, and you can see me do it;" in prospect of which reward, Miss Fan did as she was bidden: and Master Jack proceeded to business, with the tip of his little red tongue wagging slowly over the edge of his little red lip, as if the burden of handwriting depended upon that member rather than upon the funny, cramped-up fist, which guided the pen somewhat awkwardly, as you shall see:—

*"i Promis too Pay ant katy fifty cents on november next for 1 dosen egg and 1 Setting Hen and interest
JACK SPENDTHRIFT"*

"How beautiful you do it!" said Fan, who, however, could n't read it, which was not to be wondered at. "I could n't," she continued.

"That's because you a'n't a boy; boys can do lots of things girls can't;" and just then Jack's father, coming in, told him that, among other things, he could go to bed, as it was already late for him to be up.

Who can record the marvelous dreams which haunted Jack's slumbers, of eggs that hatched sleds, of chickens which exchanged wings for runners at call of some magical word! Every feather in his pillow seemed to take to itself a pair of legs and a bill, just to go about cackling for amusement; and, upon awaking, he felt some natural disappointment, like the boy who dreamed he had money enough to buy a cow.

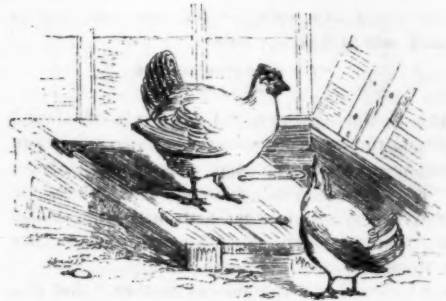
It was a long and weary time for Jack before Aunt Katy proclaimed, early in April, that her old yellow hen was making a great to-do about setting, and that a dozen plump eggs were waiting to become chickens, and that he should have them as soon as a nest was ready. Then Jack bestirred himself: he found an empty flour-barrel in the loft; but, as empty flour-barrels were some of Bridget's perquisites,—that is, were allowed her besides her wages, to sell how and

when she pleased,—he found it needful to give another "i promis" for twenty cents, so that Fan, seeing him so deeply in debt, began to fear that the sled was carrying him down-hill in earnest.

The barrel was laid on its side in a snug corner of the barn, and a comfortable nest prepared, such as any hen might have thanked her stars for; and then Jack ran over to Aunt Katy's and brought home the eggs, two at a time, one in each hand, "to be sure that they don't get joggled," he said.

Never had hen such a devoted slave as Jack, and never had smooth white eggs looked so promising in his partial eyes, though he knew that such things were at the bottom of the cakes and custards, which he in nowise despised.

Dame Partlet conducted herself with great propriety till the next morning, when Jack, coming home from school, found her sunning herself



on the cellar-door in Aunt Katy's back yard, enjoying the society of her feathered friends. No one could say why she had changed her mind so soon; she confided in nobody, not even in Jack: but it was certain that either homesickness, or the gloomy loftiness of Mr. Spendthrift's barn, or the charms of solitude, had been as good, or in this instance as bad, as a ducking.

Perhaps, like some of the rest of us, as soon as she was allowed her own way, she found it no such fine thing, after all.

In the mean while, the eggs were growing colder and colder, but not so Jack's courage. He hung about Aunt Katy's yard, till the black hen began to ruffle her feathers, hover over invisible chickens, and cluck violently.

"You don't suppose she's making believe too, do you?" he asked.

"No, indeed," said Aunt Katy; "she has brought up many a brood; she never clucks without meaning it."

So the black hen came to Jack's barn with an excellent name. I must say, though, that she put on airs; maybe she fancied that the tall, roomy barn, whose roof arched up higher than she had ever had occasion to fly, was some baronial hall, and the swallows twittering about the eaves, and the doves cooing on the ridge-pole, were minstrels to do her honor: for it is true that she quite gave up her old friends; she never ran over to dine with them, not even when they had engaged the finest worms of the season, and meal fresh from the mill. Oh, no; she liked better to roll in the gravel for amusement, to digest an insect or two at leisure, with not a soul but Jack to speak to or advise with. She was surely a very proud and self-sufficient hen.

If ever three weeks were a century, it was those during which Jack watched her in the faithful round of her duties. The first few days were days of terror, lest she should prove to be merely playing at hatching; but, after that, he enjoyed more ease, except when she came out to lurch, and to take her stroll

*"Across the green meadows,
And home by the toll."*

At such times the cry, "Your hen's off, Jack," would bring him down the "bean-stalk" before you could count ten, and cause him to leave "Sinbad the Sailor," "Goody Two Shoes," or any other goody, in the lurch, without remorse. Why, the "Golden Goose" herself was nothing compared to this old black hen.

"I should think," said his mother, "that she was hatching nightingales, with gold bills, and eyes of emerald."

"I wish she would," said Fan.

"I don't," broke in Jack, "for we should want to keep them all."

The moment he was home from school, it was,—

"Has my hen been off? Have the chickens pipped? Has she had some meal? There, people might as well give up trying to raise chickens in this house! I daresay she's half-starved, or fallen down the well, or been stolen. There's Hans going to water the horse. I suppose he'll tread on her."

In short, she was his stumbling-block by day, and, after that, his nightmare. But, one noon, on returning from school, the mingled voices of Fan, Hans, and Bridget quite stunned him for an instant.

"Faith, and it's themselves has pipped," cried Bridget.

"I vosh hear von good peep," echoed Hans.

"They've pipped, sure as you live!" shouted Fan.

"Of course they have; what did you expect?"



said Master Jack, putting on a little dignity, as he headed the procession to the barn.

"Sure and it's her for being off the nest," cried Bridget, stumbling over the wonderful creature.

"But where are the chickens?" asked Fan.

"Here ish von," said Hans, "but where ish von others?"

"In the nest, of course," said Jack.

"Let's see," quoth Fan, and, looking in, they all saw—eleven unhatched eggs!

"What a good-for-nothing old hen," whimpered Jack, dropping dignity, "to hatch only one! I should think she would be ashamed;" instead of which, she seemed grander than ever.

You see what it is having a good name not to keep it.

"But one is better than none; is n't it, Jack?" asked Fan.

"No," he pouted; "it's only a tease, when there might have been twelve as well as not."

Jack's next step was to pour his sorrows into Aunt Katy's ear, and to be consoled with the hope of another setting hen and future eggs. In the mean time, Fan's puss, wishing for a change of fare, snatched at the chicken, and was condemned to wear it, for a week, tied about her neck; a very different use from that which she had meant to make of it.

So there was an end of that brood. It certainly did n't look promising for the sled.

But, whatever Jack was, he was not chicken-hearted; he went about fixing a new nest, with as much zeal as ever. But he took things more like a philosopher this time: he attended more to his own business, and let the hen attend to hers; he learned his lessons, kept his rank, and was punctual as the sun. Therefore he was as much

astonished as any body upon awaking, one morning, to find Madame Biddy strolling about the yard with ten little, topsy-turvy balls of down in tow. What wonderful little creatures they were, so soft and shy, always cuddling under their mother's wings, chirping so uncertainly, as if they were glad to be out of the shell, but the least bit afraid withal! How naturally they pecked at the meal Jack mixed them!

"Just like *real* chickens," said Fan; and how they toddled about, like children learning to walk!

Altogether, they were the most delightful objects, to Jack and Fan, that had ever tumbled out of an egg.

Henceforth "the chickens" ruled the roost. "Has any one seen to my chickens? Are they all there? Are n't they hungry? Where's Puss?" were a few of the chimes which rang through the house, till every one was sick and tired, poor puss among the rest, because she had been buttoned into the cellar for days, where there were plenty of mice to be sure, but no chickens. But, as the months wore on in leaf and sheaf, the chickens were no longer chickens, except by permission; they exchanged their pale-yellow and black down for feathers of beautiful hues, beautifully blended, and softer than the satins of a princess. They came to have strong wings and sharp bills and eager eyes and appalling appetites. They went to roost and came to blows, and were often mistaken for less remarkable fowls.



Fan lamented the loss of the chicken proper, just as she had lamented that of her kitten when, returning from a visit, she found it a cat; but Jack said they would fetch more, and consoled himself. He liked to watch them scratch for worms, though possibly the worms did n't like it; to surprise them in Aunt Katy's corn-patch, "playing cubby-house," Fan thought; to find

several perched on the pump-spout for a drink of sunshine. It made him laugh to see one rush, helter-skelter, after a crumb, and another catch it, and yet another snatch it from the lucky bill.

Bridget grumbled because they would seize every opportunity of the kitchen door being ajar to make her a call, and try her biscuits in the raw state; and Hans grumbled that they were under every body's feet, meaning his own and the horse's. They were fond of alighting on the window-sill, outside, and watching Bridget dress the dinner or scour tins; and they could not be brought to understand that a window-pane is a non-conductor, till their stout bills had cracked more than one; and it is doubtful, at this day, if they have very clear notions of the nature of glass. Have you?

Well, it got to be November in earnest: there was frost along the waysides and fences, if one waked up early enough to see it; there was a handful of snow one morning, which the sun drank up almost at a draught, leaving the fields bare and brown again; and, the very next day, a long icicle was found hanging at the pump-spout, which Fan would have Jack believe the prison-house, the crystal dungeon, of some enchanted princess, whom the sun, her lover, delivered by dissolving it with a charm of his own. There was scarcely a leaf to be seen, except deep in the heart of solitary woods; and the bright-scarlet berries of the mountain-ash nodded at the end of naked branches, till some belated bird should happen that way. And, just about that time, the Governor appointed Thanksgiving Day.

"Next Thursday's Thanksgiving Day, Jack," said his father, one morning. "Are your chickens ready for it?"

What was most unaccountable, Jack did n't seem to hear this remark; but Fan whispered, "Poor chickies!"

"I shall be happy to purchase a pair of you, Jack, when they are nicely plucked and prepared," he continued.

"Yes, sir," said Jack, like a mouse in a cheese.

"When is the execution to take place?"

"Hans says he will do it all on Tuesday."

Thanksgiving week was always a vacation, which Jack spent in romps and games; teasing Fan, bothering Bridget, and worrying the life out of Hans. He always had a word to say about the poultry and pies,—always a finger in the pie, you may be sure; and Fan and he were pretty certain to have a mania for stoning raisins about that time, not to mention a mania for swal-

lowing them. But, this week, he seemed to have no spirits left over for mischief or mince-meat: he was seen to frequent the yard, to smooth the velvet necks of his chickens, as if to apologize for wringing them by and by; to watch them strutting about, perfectly unconscious of the Governor's proclamation.

It grew towards Tuesday morning. Jack arose bright and early, and went out with Hans into the yard.

"They ish hearty to de meal," said Hans, while Jack distributed their breakfast.

"Sure," said Bridget, coming out to the door, "it's not me for picking them. Are you going to wring the neck of them now?"

"Not till after breakfast," quavered Jack, whose appetite was growing beautifully less.

It was not till near noon that Hans put his head into the kitchen to say,—

"I ish ready to do von little jobs, Meister Jack."

"In a minute, Hans," pretending to be interested in a scissors-grinder who was passing; then he slowly followed Hans out. The chickens, in their innocence, greeted him as usual when he brought their corn: they flew to him from all



quarters; they perched on his shoulder, on his head; they buzzed about him like a swarm of bees; they seemed to ask with their bright eyes why he came empty-handed, and looked so glum, when they were as light-hearted as feathers and food could make them.

"They were such dear little chickens!" said Jack, musingly; "they were so soft and downy! There were ten in the beginning, and the horse trod on one,—don't you remember, Hans?—and Fan cried; and see how tame they are. They can't think I would hurt 'em. It would be just like Lewellyn's hound, too; and, Hans, if you don't mind, I—I won't have them—I guess I'll keep them, Hans."

"But de monish?" hinted Hans: but Jack was beyond hearing.

Thanksgiving is past; chickens have been slain and turkeys devoured, but Jack's chickens are alive and strutting. Bridget still scolds that they make her kitchen a promenade; Hans still bewails the "monish;" and Fan trembles at Jack's debts, while Aunt Katy is safe in the possession of that young gentleman's "promises." The boys never fail to ask,—"Got your sled, Jack?" and Jack never fails to reply,—"I swapped it for the chickens."

In the mean while, how are Jack's debts to be paid? Fan worries and plans about it; she has even thought of holding a fancy fair, doing all the work herself, and raffling the "Countess of Blessington." Jack agrees to be door-keeper, and contribute a kite and a jumping-jack, for which he has no further use, as he can now jump for himself; but Fan is doubtful if they could raise enough to pay Bridget, who, I am sorry to say, duns, and enjoys it more than she would the money.

So the question still stares them in the face,—How are Jack's debts to be paid, when it takes every cent he can beg or earn to buy corn for the chickens? I confess myself puzzled. Can any one offer a hint to the purpose?

It is New Year's morning. There has been a fall of snow. Jack is in the back yard, making



a snow man, and the chickens are curiously looking on, and thinking, no doubt, that it is much more like a scarecrow. If he only had a sled now! But what is that object which has just been left inside the fence? Something brilliant, in scarlet paint and blazing steel, with "Jack Spendthrift" printed in gold letters on the top? Is it a sled?

Jack stares: so do the chickens.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

SIX LITTLE PRINCESSES, AND WHAT THEY TURNED INTO.

[Continued from the October Number.]



AFTER a dazzling evening spent in the most brilliant society, the sisters went to bed, tired and more or less out of sorts. Moïna was the first to awake next morning. She rose at once, and, after a time, took her work and sat down with it in her usual place. Many costly and beautiful fabrics lay scattered about her, from which she was to fashion new robes for the second appearance of herself and sisters at court. The scissors moved in her skillful hands as by magic; she seemed to cut and slash at random, while she really used them with precision. Presently she took her pretty golden thimble from her basket, and would have placed it on her finger but that some substance entirely filled it.

"How tiresome!" said she, and with the point of her scissors she picked at the obstruction a little impatiently. Moïna was not an angel. She was only a kind-hearted little work-woman. She recoiled in some alarm when, at the touch of the scissors, there flew from the thimble what she at first supposed to be a horrible winged insect. It lighted on the edge of the table, and looked at her out of two large, greenish eyes. She saw now that it was no insect, but a diminutive, fear-

fully ugly little creature in human shape: its wings suggested the idea of a cherub, its face that of a demon.

"Poor child!" it began, in a voice as fine and as sharp as a number-twelve needle; "here you sit, stitch, stitch, stitch, while your sisters preserve their beauty by lying in bed. How exquisite your work is! How industrious and patient you are! It is strange that the world overlooks such merit as yours."

"I do not work in order to please the world," returned Moïna, recovering from her terror. "I do so because I have no talent like my sisters, and because I thus make myself useful to them."

"I know how unselfish you are," replied the other, whom we will call Neïda; and her hideous yellow face grew yellower as she spoke. "It is on this very account I feel such sympathy with and pity for you. I saw you last night sit alone and neglected, while all the young princes and noblemen paid homage to your sisters."

Now, Moïna, absorbed in the novelty of the brilliant scene about her, had not asked herself how much attention she had received, nor felt herself neglected. But it is the easiest thing in the world to persuade people that they are miserable, and that justice is not done them.

"It is true," she replied, thoughtfully, "that I sat alone and neglected nearly the whole evening. People gathered about my sisters, and quite forgot me."

"You were too modest, and allowed your sisters to put forth all their efforts to shine, and to win admiration. And not one of them would have been fit to be seen, but for you. The Princess Novella never knows what she has on; as long as she can scribble as if her life depended on it, she would be content to go clothed in sack-cloth. With the Princesses Mosella and Papeta, it is almost as bad. The Princess Reïma has no taste, and never has put on a sash otherwise than awry. As to the Princess Delicieuse, she is a mere butterfly; all wings and gay colors; well enough to look at and admire, but the idlest, most useless creature imaginable. Think, now, that this worthless character attracts every body, while your sterling virtues are despised."

Moïna might have replied, if she had had her wits about her, that to be admired is not the main business of life. But she only threw down the robe she had just cut so tastefully, saying,—

"My sisters shall see that, if I have not their talents and their beauty, I am yet of some importance, after all. I will not sit at work all day like a common seamstress."

Neida, quite satisfied with her morning's work, flew away, leaving Moina sitting moping in her chair. Some insects, not content with stinging their victims, must needs leave their sting behind. Neida took care to leave hers wherever she went.

When Mosella came to her piano, half an hour later, she found Moina seated at it, making all sorts of discords. She stood waiting a few moments, expecting her sister to rise, and give her the place she always occupied at this time. As she stood, Moina's execution really distressed her.

"Moina, dear," she said, at last, "music does not seem to be your forte, — does it?"

"It is time I became something more than a mere seamstress," said Moina, drumming away. "Why should you monopolize all the music?"

Before Mosella had time to answer, her attention was attracted by a strange buzzing at one of the windows.

"What hideous noise is that?" thought she; and she ran to the window, where Neida was making these sounds in order to draw her away to this corner.

"Good morning, my child," she began; "are you feeling quite yourself after last night's fatigue?"

"I was not much fatigued," Mosella replied, in great surprise.

"Indeed! People said that being forced to play for such a length of time must have been wearisome. Indeed, it seemed almost cruel to let you exert yourself so much where so few listened to your performances."

Mosella colored.

"I did not observe that people failed to listen," she said. "However, I enjoyed playing because I am so fond of music."

"But is it not strange that, rather than listen to such music as yours, every body should run wild after that pretty sister of yours, who has n't a talent or an accomplishment of any sort?"

"Do you mean the Princess Delicieuse?" asked Mosella. "Ah, but she has something better than talent. She has the art of making every body like her."

"That is just what I am saying. Real genius like yours passes unnoticed, unrewarded; while a pleasing face, a few soft purrs, a pat of a velvet paw, draw crowds of worshipers."

"I wish, indeed, that I were as charming as

Delicieuse," said Mosella. She forgot, for the moment, all the unalloyed delight she had had in the exercise of the gift Nature had lavished upon her. To win admiration and applause seemed now the only object worthy pursuit.

She stood looking listlessly from the window, that poor resource of the rapid or the disconsolate; and Neida flew off to finish her work.

Papeta sat at her piano, and composed a song. Her voice rose clear and sweet, and filled the lofty apartment with melody. Neida hovered near, ready to put in a word, and finally alighted on the shoulder of the Princess, where she could whisper in her ear.

"Your voice is perfectly exquisite!" she cried. "I was at court last night, and heard you sing. But I could not fully enjoy it, such a chattering and talking went on all the time."

"I sang for those only who preferred not to talk," replied Papeta.

"But how could people talk when such heavenly sounds filled the rooms? I looked at the Princess Novella with amazement. She had a troop of young noblemen about her, and kept them intent on every word that fell from her lips. Their ears were for her alone."

"It must be delightful to have such a flow of speech as the Princess Novella," replied Mosella. "And she writes with as much ease as she talks. I do not wonder people like to be in her company."

"You speak like a loyal, true-hearted sister, as I am sure you are," returned Neida. "But it is hard that such a voice as yours should not silence every other voice. Why, in the midst of one of your most touching, tender songs, when every sound should have been hushed, I heard the Countess Montanella whisper to her neighbor, — 'This singing and thrumming is all very well, but the Princess Moina is worth all her sisters put together. She actually makes with her own hands all the exquisite dresses they wear!'"

Mosella smiled.

"Poor Moina! Her mind is so empty that she finds her scissors and thimble quite a resource!" she said.

As she uttered these words, she felt no little contempt for the Countess Montanella.

While this conversation was going on, Reima stood before her easel, her fine face all in a glow. A conception of wondrous beauty had come to her during the early hours of the night, when unusual excitement kept her awake.

She had made a hasty sketch, and now with

eager joy had prepared her colors, and was ready for the details of her work. A bee, as she fancied, alighted on the canvas; and she was about to brush it off, when Neida, for she it was, cried out, —

"Do not drive me away, beautiful Princess! I have much to say to you before you begin your day's work."

"Another time will do as well," said Reima. "At this moment pray do not disturb me."

"I saw your paintings as they were exhibited last night," said Neida. "Among them are works of real genius. But genius is not worth much in this world. A pretty face, a winning address, a thrum or two of music, an agreeable voice, — these attract the multitude, while such as you are passed by and overlooked."

"One cannot expect to have genius and beauty, and all the gifts of Nature," returned Reima. "For my part, I am content with the share that has fallen to me. No tongue can tell the delight I take in my art."

"That is all very well while the enthusiasm of youth sustains you," replied Neida. "But, ere long, your heart will assert its rights. It will cry out for love, and will not be pacified with admiration."

"Admiration!" cried Reima; "who talks of admiration?"

"Every body talks of it. Your sister, the Princess Delicieuse, does more. She wins it."

"Let her have it, then," said Reima, a little pensively. "I, for one, can do without it."

"Can you do without love?"

"Nay, I cannot and do not," cried Reima. "My sisters all love me. And so does the Queen, my mother."

Neida laughed. Her laugh was more horrible than words can tell.

"Paint away, then!" she cried; "and, while you are absorbed in your art, let the world pass you by, and forget you. The merest daub from the Princess Delicieuse will be fought for; while you, a child of genius, must remain sufficient unto yourself."

So saying, Neida flew off. Reima remained silent and perplexed.

"I, too, crave the joy of winning love and favor, but it is denied me!" she thought. "Delicieuse wins both without an effort. Why should she possess so divine a gift, and I have merely the power to spread colors over canvas?"

As she spoke, she threw her brushes from her in disgust.

"What can have happened to my ink?" cried

Novella. "It has all dried up, and I am in such haste to write. Ah, such beautiful images are floating in my brain! They will be gone forever if I do not seize them at once!"

"It is I who have dried up your ink, noble lady," said Neida, coming forth, and sitting down on the desk of the Princess.

"And who are you?" asked Novella, looking with disgust at the hateful little figure.

"I am one who cannot bear the injustice of the world," replied Neida. "When I listen to your words, so full of fire and passion; when I look over your shoulder and read what you write in those favored moments when you enchain and imprison the exquisite images that come to you as by an inspiration, — when I do this, I say, I am lost in amazement and filled with shame. Half the world prefers to you, a simple girl, who has not a thought beyond her needle. The other half runs after a beautiful face or an agreeable voice. You may talk like an oracle, and write with a pen dipped in fire, yet only here and there will you find a worshiper."

"I do not write because I want worshipers," returned Novella, much amused. "I write because I cannot help it. I enjoy the thoughts that come to me as dreams come, I know not how or whence. I put forth my hand to catch them, as I would catch the birds that fly over my head."

"Yet I see you often retire to a hidden corner, there to sit in darkness and sadness. This does not look like enjoyment."

"I believe," replied Novella, "that a certain sadness ever follows, if it does not accompany, moments of inspiration. Perfect, unalloyed felicity I do not expect to find on earth."

"Your sister Papeta has no hours of despondency. She is as joyous as the birds like which she sings. The Princess Moina sits all day in calm content, the victim of no moods and tenses like yours. The Princess Delicieuse, without a ray of genius, is preferred before you by high and low, the learned as well as the unlearned."

Novella sighed.

"I should gladly be beloved as she is!" she said. "I should like Moina's calm and placid nature; at least, there are times when I would gladly exchange my gifts for hers."

"I feel for you!" cried Neida. "Your happiness is a fitful thing, that comes and goes with the passing moment. You are on the mountain-tops one day, and down in the abyss the next."

"It is true!" cried Novella. "But I riot on the mountain-tops when I am there!"

"I have still business on hand ; I must go. Think of all I have said," returned Neida, fluttering off.

Novella threw herself back in a chair.

"What would I not give," she thought, "to be as beautiful, as charming, as Delicieuse ! Every thing she says delights every body, yet she talks only little nothings. As for me, nobody understands me. My heart is as warm as hers, nay, warmer ; it is a furnace in full glow : but because I do not carry it about in my hands, as she carries hers, nobody believes in it. I am not happy ! No, I am wretched !"

At this moment Delicieuse was putting one foot out of bed. She had made up, in a long morning nap, all the sleep she had lost the previous night, and looked as fresh and pretty as a rose just opened. Peace and good-will toward every body, including herself, filled her heart. As she thrust her little foot into her slipper, she perceived some foreign substance there, and sprang back into bed, where she sat, half-frightened, half-amused, the prettiest picture imaginable.

"I verily believe a mouse has taken up its abode in my slipper," thought she.

As she spoke, Neida bounded out of her hiding-place, and seated herself on the bed, face to face with the young Princess.

"You are a beautiful creature !" she began. "More so at this moment, in your simple night-dress, with your hair floating over your shoulders, than you were last evening, when arrayed in robes of state."

"I wish I could return the compliment," said Delicieuse, good-humoredly.

"I make no pretensions to beauty," replied Neida, with a fearful roll of her great green eyes. "I am therefore the more dazzled by yours. But, my poor child, beauty is an evanescent charm. When old age and disease have destroyed yours, all your sisters will retain a power to please, which you will desire in vain. Even now you see what crowds cluster about the Princesses Mosella and Papeta, and what homage is paid by men of genius to the gifts of Reima and Novella. A certain class of admirers will always be yours, but the most cultivated minds will ever prefer the society of your sisters."

Delicieuse replied by leaning over a little, and with her finger and thumb she sent Neida spinning through the air at a rate quite fitted to turn her brain, if she had any. Then, springing out of bed, the gay young Princess rang a silver bell to summon her attendants to assist her in dressing. While this process was going on, she tried,

by chatting half to herself, half to them, to escape the unpleasant fancies Neida had awakened in her.

When, at last, she joined her sisters, she was astonished that not one of them came to meet and to caress her, as usual.

"Their heads were all turned last evening, I suppose," she said to herself. "Good-morning, Moina ! What ! not at work ? It is not possible that my dress for to-night is already finished ?"

"I am not the family seamstress," replied Moina. "Why should I rise early to prepare your dresses, while you lie idling in bed ? Do you really imagine, because you happen to be prettier than I, that I am therefore to spend my whole time in serving you ?"

Delicieuse made no answer, but her eyes filled with tears. Never before had harsh language fallen upon her ears. She hurried away, hoping to find refuge with Reima.

"You see I am behind you all this morning," she said, approaching her sister. "Are you at work on a new picture ? Have you finished my portrait ?"

"Your portrait ?" cried Reima, scornfully ; "not I ! Why should I finish it, pray ? Are you not content with seeing every body at your feet, but must you see yourself on canvas also ?"

"My dear, you must have eaten something that disagreed with you last night," said Delicieuse. "Otherwise, I do not see what makes you so ill-humored."

"I am not ill-humored," said Reima. "I am only out of spirits. Do go away, child, and leave me in peace."

"I am going, you may depend," returned Delicieuse. "For my part, I am quite willing to leave you to yourself."

"Delicieuse is getting positively disagreeable !" thought Reima. "She thinks that, because she is so handsome, she can talk as she likes. And, to be sure, so she can. Ah ! I wish I were as beautiful ! But all I am good for is to stand here and daub !"

Delicieuse passed on, ruffled and displeased. "I suppose Reima takes airs upon herself because so much was said of her genius last evening," thought she. "It must be delightful to be a genius ! As to beauty, I must own that I am tired already of mine. What an amount of nonsense it makes people talk !"

At this moment she espied Mosella, who sat reading by herself, and Papeta, who picked a faded bouquet to pieces, at a little distance.

"Have you inseparables quarreled also?" she cried.

"What do you mean?" asked Mosella. "Can not one take up a book without being taken to task?"

"And is picking a bouquet to pieces worse than lying in bed all the morning?" demanded Papeta.

"Every body seems out of humor," said Delicieuse. "I feel low-spirited myself. If I could sing and play as you two can, I would soon cheer myself up. Come, do play a little, Mosella! And you, Papeta, pray sing till you charma us all into good spirits again."

"There's no use in playing. Nobody will listen," replied Mosella.

"Nor in singing, for it sets every body to talking," said Papeta. "Ah, Delicieuse! you lucky creature! Why should you have all the beauty of the family?"

"And why should the rest of you have all the talent?" asked Delicieuse, half-crying. "But where is Novella?"

"Novella," replied Papeta, "is meditating suicide. She has lowered like a thunder-cloud all the morning. I saw her with my own eyes tear up all her papers and throw them away."

"All her amusing tales and lovely poems?" cried Delicieuse. "Oh, if I could but write as she does! But I can do nothing. I cannot cut in the magical way Moina does, nor paint like Reima, nor sing and play like you two gifted creatures. All I am fit for is to be dressed like a doll, and to hear people say silly things about my face and my figure."

So saying, Delicieuse, hitherto the gayest, gladdest of mortals, began to cry in good earnest.

In the midst of this scene, the Queen, who also had slept late, came to rejoice in the sight of her darling children, and was shocked to find the state they were in. In vain she coaxed, scolded, and at last shed tears. Not one would confess the cause of her melancholy.

In her despair, the Queen sent for the Countess Reynosa, who soon made her appearance, with her usual nonchalant air.

"You dear creatures!" she cried, on seeing the six woeful faces, "each of you shall confess to me in turn, and I will promise to put you out of misery before this day closes. Come, Moina; I will begin with you."

She drew the reluctant Princess away to the Queen's private cabinet, and caressed and consoled with her, until at last she learned all about the visit of Neida.

"Has that little monster really made you a visit?" she exclaimed. "You should know her, then, by her real name, and never again permit her so much as to whisper a word in your ear. Her name is ENVY."

Moina shuddered.

"She has made me very unhappy," said she, "and made me lose all pleasure in the only gift I really possess. And, indeed, why should I, a Princess royal, sit always at work, like a common seamstress?"

"Like an uncommon seamstress, you mean," replied the Countess. "Indeed, I know of no reason save this, — People who have gifts always like to exercise them, as babies do their arms and legs. They find pleasure in this exercise themselves, and give pleasure to others besides."

"But my sisters are all admired so much more than I!"

"Yes, they too have their gifts. Why not? Why should Nature give you a talent, and withhold her gifts from them?"

"But my talent is so small when compared with theirs!"

"Then, because it is small, you fancy it best to let it lie idle. Then how will you employ yourself?"

"I do not know," said Moina, despondently. "I cannot draw, I have no ear for music; I am not fond of reading, and, if I were, could not read all the time. But, when I get an idea of a new dress in my head, the scissors seem to move of their own accord, and I am quite happy, as I sit at my work, both at my success and at the pleasure I can give others. My sisters cannot bear to wear any thing that is not of my workmanship."

"Then, my dear Moina, go back to your own little corner. Exercise your gift, humble though it be. The time may come when you will see that Nature has dealt as kindly with you as with your sisters."

In like manner the Countess encouraged and set right each of the Princesses.

Moina caught up the robe she was preparing for Delicieuse, and took pleasure in completing it. Mosella and Papeta returned to their music with fresh ardor; while Reima drew forth the half-finished portrait of Delicieuse, which she had begun as a work of love, and put to it some finishing touches.

Novella seized her pen as a lost mariner seizes the compass he thought gone overboard in the storm. All her papers had indeed perished in the tempest, but her brain was full of images of

grace and beauty, and her imagination did not care a whit that its sails had been taken in during stress of weather.

The Countess went from one to another, admiring their work, and putting in the right word here and there.

"This family circle is nearly perfect!" she cried, at last. "We have not here a race of workwomen, nor half a dozen musicians, nor a set of artists, nor a row of authors, nor six good-for-

nothings like Deliciense. We have a little of every sort, and if I can catch and kill the hideous creature who disturbed your peace, I see nothing to prevent your complete felicity."

"I believe she is already dead," said Deliciense. "Here she lies, shriveled and shrunken, and does not move a limb."

"Give me the corpse, then," said the Countess, laughing. "She shall have a state-funeral."

E. P.

[To be concluded.]

THE WORDS WITH WHICH WE SPEAK.

In the March number, some account was given of the formation of our English language. Formed, as you will remember, of two chief ingredients,—the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin through the French, with the addition of words from all tongues, according to its needs,—it is now, more than any other, the language of the world. Through the Anglo-Saxon it is allied with the tongues spoken by the northern nations of Europe; through the Latin, with those used by the southern; and we may well be proud of it, as being from its simplicity and elasticity best adapted to the practical needs of those who carry the Saxon civilization of to-day all over the world.

Now let us consider some of the common words of our daily speech, and see if we can find in them any history. There are in the language, as you might well imagine, from its having arisen from two such different sources, and having received so many different streams, many strange instances of derivation that will amuse you much; but I wish first to show you that in the mere names of the objects in your daily sight, there is something of interest; so that finding names to be never the result of chance, but of history and of reason, you may see hereafter that the stranger meanings underlying other of our words, are different only in degree from those of more common use.

Let us go together to your school-room. Now mention the names of what you see in the room. Chairs, desks, settees, platform with teacher's table, clock, maps, photographs in gilt frames, and window-shades.

What is that projection in the wall with an opening near the floor, and another near the ceiling?

"Oh! that is the ventilator."

How is the room heated?

"By the furnace, and the heat comes up through the register."

Well, you have given me already words enough for us to examine to-day. We will take them in order.

CHAIR comes from the French *chaire*, which means a pulpit, and is contracted from the Latin word *cathedra*, meaning an arm-chair, or professor's chair. Now this may seem to you like a very great contraction, as you see that the consonants of the Latin word are omitted. This was probably first done in speaking, and through laziness the word lost its full sound, and became *ca-e-ra*; then, for the same reason, instead of the final *a*, an unsounded *e* was added in French, and because unsounded, dropped in English; the *c* was then changed into *ch*, and, so far as sound is concerned, the word became our present *cha-er* or chair. Now laziness has been one principal cause of the change in the form of words. Perhaps some of you have been reprimanded at home or at school for "clipping" your words. Well, that same process has been going on among nations. Because it was easier to pronounce, we have damsel from the French *demoiselle*, story from *histoire* and *historia*, and porpoise from *pore-piscis*, that is hog-fish. The old word *cathedra* still retains with the French something of its original meaning, and they, for the common movable seat, have formed, by the alteration of a single letter, the word *chaise*, a word which we have in English for quite a different thing—and yet what is a chaise but a covered chair placed upon wheels? So, really, the Jack Tar of our March number, who thought the French stu-

pid in calling a chair a *chaise*, was using the same word in a not very dissimilar way.

What can we learn about *Desk*? Strangely enough, desk and dish, from their origin, mean the same thing. They come from the Anglo-Saxon *disc*, a table, or plate, or from the Latin *discus*, a round plate, quoit, or dish. From this Latin word comes the Italian *desco*, a table, or board. What then is a desk? It is primarily a smooth, flat surface, and is now, by custom, appropriated to the use of writing or reading. Then as it is more convenient for these purposes to have the surface sloping, a desk means a table for writing on, or reading from, with a sloping top; and from this there is the movable desk, which is placed on a table for the same purpose; and then, as one places important papers or valuables in a desk, we have the verb *to desk*, sometimes used, meaning to treasure up.

SETTEE, I need scarcely tell you, comes from the verb to sit, or rather, from its causative, as we call it in English Grammar, *to set*, and means something to sit upon. It is traceable to the Anglo-Saxon *settan*, and is like the Latin verb *sedere*.

PLATFORM is formed from the two English words, *plat*, which means flat, and *form*. *Plat* is derived from a Greek word *platús*, which means flat, broad, even. *Form* comes from the Latin *formare*, to make, to shape, and hence a platform is a surface made broad and level. From this we have the platforms which politicians lay down for us every four years, or oftener, constructed of many separate planks, fastened together upon a dead level, so broad that any one can stand on that of either party, and not so high but any one may feel that he is above them—in fact, they are made to be placed beneath your feet.

We come now to *TEACHER'S TABLE*. But we must divide the words, and take *TEACHER* first. Like many other words in the language, it comes from an Anglo-Saxon root, while it also resembles a Latin one, showing that they have a kindred origin. The Anglo-Saxon word is *tæcan*, to show, teach; the Latin, *docere*, meaning also to teach. But what else do you call your teacher? Sometimes master. Well, master is derived from the Latin *magister*, which means superior, chief, leader, head, from the same root from which the Latin word for great comes, and hence means, by derivation, a great man, just as minister, connected with *minus*, less, means a small man, then a servant, and thence a servant of God. Thus the Romans spoke of the *magister* of the people, meaning dictator; the *magister*

of the cavalry, for its commanding officer, &c. But teachers are often called pedagogues. What does that mean? The pedagogue (formed from two Greek words meaning *boy* and *to lead*) was in Athens, and subsequently at Rome, not a schoolmaster, but an attendant to whom the boys were intrusted, and who accompanied them to school, to the gymnasium, and in fact everywhere, to keep them from harm, and guard them from evil company. One of the old Roman dramatists gives the name of pedagogue to a young man who, greatly in love, every day escorts his fair friend to and from school; and as I, in passing every morning a certain school for young ladies, notice that twenty centuries have made little difference in the custom, I wonder how these young gentlemen would like the name of pedagogue, which Terence gave their prototype so many hundred years ago.

TABLE comes through the French *table*, from the Latin *tabula*, a board, tablet, and hence any smooth flat surface, as a slab of stone, or any thing upon which you can cut, trace, or write. Thus the Commandments were graven on "two tables of stone." As a secondary meaning we have what is cut, drawn, or written upon the smooth surface; thus an inscription, and even a painting, has been called a table. A third and more common use of the word is as applied to a condensed statement, which may be comprehended, as it were, at a glance, as a table of contents; or to a collection of particulars taken together, as the Multiplication Table. A fourth use of the word is the common one applied to the article of furniture, which is a flat surface placed horizontally, and supported on legs. From this we have it applied to the food which is placed upon the dining-table. Thus when the old boarder answered the natural question of the expected victim, "Does the landlady keep a good table?" with "Oh yes, an excellent mahogany one," he ingeniously used the word in a different sense from his inquirer. Then again, the word table is sometimes applied to the company who are assembled round it. So you see one word may be used often in many different meanings.

The word *CLOCK* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *clucge* or *cluga*, a bell. Before the use of clocks, it was the custom to make known the hour by striking it on a bell, whence the hour of the day was designated as three or four of the bell, just as we now say four o'clock, that is four of the clock, for four strokes of the bell, or of the clock. When clocks were introduced, they retained the name of the bell, which formerly

served the same office, and this was in time changed from *cluege* to clock.

MAP comes from the Latin *mappa*, a napkin, through the Norman French *mappe*, which meant a table-cloth, and has now come in modern French again to mean a napkin, and also a map or chart, because, I suppose, maps were made upon cloth similar in size or appearance to that used for the tables.

A PHOTOGRAPH is, you know, a picture printed by the sunlight upon chemically prepared paper, from a picture taken upon glass in the daguerreotypist's camera. Now the word in itself expresses this process, for it is derived from two Greek words, *phos*, *photos*, meaning light, and *grapho*, to write, and means sun-writing, or something written by the light.

GILT-FRAMES. The word gilt is from the verb to gild, and that is derived from gold. What is it to gild? It is the process of over-spreading a surface with a thin layer of gold. It is done by applying the thin gold-leaf to the frame or surface that has been already prepared to receive it. But what does the word gold itself come from? You remember the part the Norsemen or Northmen had in our history, and in the history of our language. Well, in the old Norse language, *gull* means gold, formed from the word *gulr*, which means yellow, so that gold means the yellow metal. Perhaps some people would see an immediate appropriateness in gold having been written *gull*, from its poor devotees having been so often gulled in all ages. At any rate, if they called what was yellow, gold, they had need to bear one proverb well in mind, that "All is not gold that glitters."

Of the word FRAME I cannot tell you much. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon *fremman*, the dictionaries tell us, which means to form, to frame. You must have noticed that several of the Anglo-Saxon words that I have given you, end in *an*. This is the termination or sign of the infinitive, just as *re* is in Latin, or as the preposition *to* placed before the verb is in English. Now if you take off this termination, you will have the root of the word, and in derivation it is the root that we seek. Thus frame comes from the Anglo-Saxon *fremm*, to set from the Anglo-Saxon root *set*, to teach from the root *tac*, and so on.

WINDOW comes from the Danish *vindue*, properly wind-eye. The old English word is *windore* or windor, that is, wind-door. The window then is an opening in the wall of a building for the admission of light and air. The sash is not

the window. The window is the *hole* which you close by means of the glazed sash, and would be a window, were it left without any means for closing.

We are told that SHADE comes from the Anglo-Saxon *scadu* or *sead*, a shadow or a shade, which comes perhaps from the verb *sceadan*, to separate, and hence a shade is something by which we are separated from the weather or sun.

Next in order comes the word CEILING, which was formerly written *seeling*, and had the meaning of wainscoting covered with boards, the chief idea being the closing up of the cracks, that is, sealing them up, from the old French *seel*, a seal. What we now call ceiling, was formerly called the upper seeling, to distinguish it from the seeling or wainscoting of the side walls. When wainscoting passed out of fashion, this distinction was no longer needful, and the term seeling or ceiling was appropriated to the plaster which seals up the under side of the rafters in a room. The derivation of this word is given erroneously in some of our best dictionaries, as from the Latin *celare*, to cover, arch, conceal; or from *caelum*, heaven, the arch of the sky, through the French *ciel*.

What is the use of the VENTILATOR, with its two openings, one near the floor, and the other at the top? It is to carry away the bad and heated air, which, being lighter than pure air, ascends through the upper opening, and to admit pure air through the lower, and thus to create a current of air through the room, instead of compelling us constantly to take into our lungs each other's breath. Now what does the word ventilator come from? From the Latin *ventus*, wind or air, and *lator*, bearer, derived from the third root *latum*, of the irregular Latin verb *fero*, which means to bear, to carry. Hence, a ventilator is an air-carrier.

FURNACE is derived, through the French *fournaise*, from the Latin *fornax*, a furnace, from *furnus*, an oven. The REGISTER, as it can be closed or opened, regulates or governs the amount of heat that is admitted into the room from the furnace, and the word comes from the Latin verb *rego* to govern.

Now having completed our list of objects seen in the school-room, we will close with the word SCHOOL-ROOM itself. This you can all see is a compound word. The latter part of it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *rcm*, place, space, room, and hence a room is an inclosed space.

School is derived from the Latin *schola*, from

a Greek word of similar form which means leisure, — spare time. Some of you will probably feel that for you the school is any thing but a place of leisure; while it may be that there are some even reading this paper, who are quite conscious that school has a great deal of play-time for them. How does school come then from leisure? In this derivation there is a good deal of meaning, and something of a moral too. In a new country, you know that men have no time for the study of science or of art, and very little time for reading. They have houses to build, forests to clear, fields to plant, harvests to reap; the necessities of life crowd hard upon their energies and their time. Even the children soon become of some use, and their little hands can be profitably employed. So it has been in all ages, and so is it to-day, in old as well as in new countries, for man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow; and when we bear in mind the many millions of mankind who are toiling, striving, spending all of life's strength for the mere existence of themselves and those dependent on them, we see that it is only the favored few who have much opportunity for reading or for study. The

ancient Greeks felt this, and so did the Romans, and gave the name of leisure to the school, because it was time spared from earth's needs and given to learning. Leisure meant time not spent in work; and as learning was the most honorable way of spending such time, of most profit and interest to them, the leisure that was given to learning passed by the general name of leisure; then it was applied to places of learning, and then to the place where their children went for a similar purpose. They were not of the opinion, probably, that the occupation for childhood was play, and that all that was taken from it was work; but, knowing that in life there were life's duties, and for the most but little leisure, they believed that the early years which were spared from toil were to be devoted to learning. Now I am very much afraid that we have not borne in mind sufficiently the true meaning of school. Perhaps some boys in the country, who can only be spared from the farm to winter-school, realize better their opportunities, and seek with more diligence to improve them, than do those to whom school is not leisure, but the only business of their boy lives.

R. R. D.

TWO PUMPKIN PIES.

NOVEMBER came gray and chilly. Long ago Ainslee would have been at home in New York, but grandfather and grandmother desired that once more all the children should meet for a Thanksgiving dinner at the old homestead. Uncle Arthur, the oldest of all, was coming from far out West, with his wife and children; Uncle John from nearer home; and with Uncle Ainslee, who had not been with them at Thanksgiving time for ten years, and Ainslee's father and mother, there would be such a party as one does n't often see.

Dr. Blimber, the largest gobbler turkey in the barn-yard, received a double measure of corn every day, and would come very near being a twenty-five pounder, every body said; while old Speckle's most promising chickens, shut up in a coop, received daily rations of Indian stirabout from the hands of Ainslee and Sinny. On the barn-floor piles of yellow pumpkins lay; the apple bins were filled with wonderful red Spitzenbergs and pumpkin sweets; and the old cider-mill creaked from morning till night while Mr. Culigan and Joe turned the arms of the great press.

Ainslee, in warm coat and mittens, divided his time about equally between the aquarium, the cider barrels, and the kitchen, where such wonders in cookery were going on, that he said it was almost as nice as living in a baker's shop. Every kind of pie and cake which grandma and Nancy pushed into the great brick oven, had a little one to match; and Ainslee being generous, and always ready to share his goodies, Sinny's face came to wear an expectant expression; and between the claims of the straw which he always had by him for sucking cider, and the attractions of the little tin pie-pans, he really suffered. Fortunately the inhabitants of the aquarium were all in delicate health, owing to the fact that Sinny had emptied the salt-box into it, thinking that as the sheep were fond of it, there was no reason why the fish should n't be. Uncle Ainslee finding it out, had at once changed the water for them; but one tadpole had died immediately, the turtle had n't put his head out for two days afterward, and the shiners hid under the stones, and only swam out when poked with a little stick. Ponto having upset the flower-

pot, the two black crickets had run away, and probably gone into winter-quarters; and the brown worm, owing to cold weather and the want of leaves, had shriveled all up, and would never be any thing but a skin. Thus an amount of running was required, which kept them with such appetites that Nancy said "T would be just as easy to feed a regiment as them two little stuffers, and why they did n't bust and done with it, she could n't see."

Summer plays were past. The brook, swollen full by autumn rains, was almost ready to be frozen over. The trees had put off their livery of gold and scarlet, and stood bare and brown; while every stray nut had been gathered in by the squirrels, who still ran up and down the great butternut-tree on sunshiny days. Ainslee's garden, in which he had planted beans, a potatoe, and a sunflower, had for some reason not done well. Careful digging had resulted in the discovery of two small potatoes, which had immediately been boiled and eaten, and one sunflower hung in the barn, drying for the hens.

This afternoon grandpa was going to the depot for Uncle Arthur, but the train did not get in till nearly six o'clock, and all the day lay before them. So mamma proposed, that, as it was quite pleasant, the two children should take a basket, go to the meadow where the cows pastured in summer, and gather beech-nuts from the wooded hill which rose at its back.

Grandma gave them each cookies and an apple turn-over, and they set out, swinging their baskets, and taking little runs now and then from sheer happiness. Through the meadow and up the little hill was only a short walk, hardly half a mile, but there were very few nuts to be found. The school-boys had been there before them, and only a stray one now and then could be picked up.

"I would n't be such a greedy boy, not to leave a single nut for any body," said Ainslee, much disgusted.

"Yes, you would," said Sinny. "You would n't leave one here now if you could find any."

"Well," said Ainslee, struck by this new view of the case, I'm a little boy and don't ought to. Big boys ought to leave nuts for little boys, but little boys don't ever have to leave 'em for big ones."

"I'm tired of hunting for 'em, any way," said Sinny. Let's sit down on this moss and eat our cookies."

So the two children sat down under a great beech-tree, and began to eat with as much enjoy-

ment as if they had not breakfasted two or three hours before.

Rattling down on Ainslee's head came the husk of a nut.

"You stop firing things," said he, turning suddenly upon Sinny, who sat blissfully rocking back and forth.

"I ain't firing nothing at all," answered Sinny, when down came another between them. Ainslee looked up, and a very red squirrel looked down, and then ran to the top of the tree, chattering as he went.

"I guess he lives in that tree," said Sinny. "Maybe he's the Little Squirrel that did n't know how to get his own nuts, that your Uncle Ainslee telled about."

"Well, but," said Ainslee, "this one has got nuts; so it can't be the one, unless he learned better after his father and mother was dead."

"I guess he did," said Sinny, pulling away at some dead leaves and sticks, and uncovering a hole at the foot of the tree. "My! you just look in there!"

Ainslee turned and saw a great pile of beech and butternuts filling up completely this hole under the root, and putting in his hand, drew out as many as he could hold.

"Oh, there's heaps of 'em," said he; "let's fill our baskets full."

The squirrel seemed to think matters were going all wrong, for he scolded and scolded, and once ran partly down the tree, as if he would interfere if he dared. The baskets were filled in a trice, and both boys turned toward home. Ainslee walked slowly on till they came to the open meadow, and then sat down suddenly on a stone.

"We've taken away most all the squirrel's nuts," said he; "and he can't get any more 'cause it's most winter."

"There's some left," said Sinny.

"I know it," said Ainslee; "but when they're all gone, what'll he do?"

"I guess maybe the other squirrels will let him have some o' theirs," said Sinny, after thinking a moment.

"I don't believe they would, 'cause they've all got wives and children, and could n't spare any," said Ainslee. "I guess I'll put 'em back."

"Oh I would n't," said Sinny. "If it's Little Squirrel, he oughter be paid for being so lazy; he used to be awful lazy."

"So he did," answered Ainslee, getting up and walking on a few steps, then turning again. "He ain't lazy now, any way," said he, "'cause he's

picked all these, and it would hurt him to have to starve to death."

"Well," said Sinny, who seemed to think of nothing more to say against it, "let's hurry, then."

Back to the hill the two children trotted, put every nut into the hole, even including the few they had picked up. In the very bottom of one of the baskets still lay half a cooky.

"I'll put that in too," said Ainslee; "maybe he never had a cooky," and he covered the whole with the leaves and sticks they had pulled aside a little time before, and then started again for home, with a very happy face.

"Why, how bright you look," said mamma, meeting them at the front gate. "Uncle John has come, and little John and Lizzie are in a hurry to see you."

Sinny turned, and ran toward home, as if he thought his good times were over, now that other children had come, and Ainslee went into the house. The few hours before the train's coming passed quickly in showing the swing and aquarium; and when the three western cousins appeared, very little tired with their long journey, there was, after the first shyness wore off, a perfect bedlam, which was only silenced by Uncle Ainslee going away with them, and telling a story, which kept them perfectly quiet till bedtime.

The few days before Thanksgiving went rapidly by. Sinny found himself quite as much in demand as before, and the seven children were "everywhere to onct," Mr. Culligan said, "and had liked to pulled near all the oats out, gettin' straws to suck cider with." At last came the day, — cold, to be sure, but bright and sunny.

"Put on my biggest jacket, nurse," said Ainslee, as he was being dressed for church. "Uncle Ainslee says boys always burst the buttons off their jackets Thanksgiving Day."

"It's no such a thing," said nurse, "unless they're like pigs. You might, though, — a boy that has so much to do with 'em."

Ainslee was about to answer this rather disagreeable speech angrily, but grandpa's voice was heard from the hall, asking if every one was ready, and he ran down to join the other children. They did not go to the church over the river to-day, but down to the village, and there were three pews full of Grandpa Walton's children and grandchildren. Ainslee understood almost all of Mr. Parker's sermon, and was very much interested in hearing how the poor Pilgrims at Plymouth had to eat just as little as they could live on, for

a long, long time, till at last the ship came sailing in from England, and they had a real Thanksgiving time. Toward the very end, however, he could n't help thinking how Dr. Blimber would look all stretched out on a platter, and whether Mrs. Blimber would know him if she should see him.

Church ended quickly, and Ainslee, as he took his father's hand, found that Mr. Parker was going home with them. Such a delicious smell as there was all through the house! Dinner was not ready till two, but the smell was almost a dinner in itself. At last the door opened into the dining-room, and there was such a long table set for fourteen people, with a smaller one close by, for the five children. Ainslee, being the youngest, and there not being room for him with the children, sat at the big table, between Mr. Parker and Uncle Ainslee; and while grandpa carved Dr. Blimber, took the opportunity to find out just exactly how his aunts and uncles looked. By and by his plate came to him with a nice piece of white meat, and all sorts of vegetables. Ainslee was very fond of almost every kind but carrots, and there on his plate was at least half an one, which somebody, not knowing his tastes, had put there. Ainslee tasted his turkey, but the great, bright, yellow carrot took away all his appetite.

"I can't stand it," said he to himself. "I'll eat it up just as fast as ever I can, so's to get it out of the way," and he swallowed it in great mouthfuls.

"Why!" said grandma, looking from her end of the table, "how the dear boy loves carrot! Do give him another, grandpa."

Ainslee laid down his knife and fork, and burst into a roar.

"My dear child," said mamma, getting up hastily and coming round to him "what is the matter?"

"I don't want another! I can't eat another!" howled Ainslee. "I'm sick now."

"Don't want another what?" said mamma, who, busy talking, had not noticed grandma's remark.

"Another carrot," said Ainslee. "I've eaten one, just as fast, so's not to have to look at it, and I can't eat any more."

"You need not," said mamma, soothingly, while such a laugh went round the table, that Ainslee, indignant at first, finally joined in, and laughed harder than any body. By and by the table was cleared, and Mary brought in and placed before grandma an enormous pumpkin

pie, baked in a very large, shallow milk-pan. Ainslee was so taken up with this, that he had no eyes for the smaller pies, or the round plum-pudding before grandpa; and he was still more surprised, when grandpa, filling his glass, said, —

"Let us drink to Pumpkin Pie."

Every body stood up, and every body laughed a little as they drank, though Mr. Parker seemed a little puzzled, and Ainslee thought it so mysterious that he could not keep still.

"What makes you drink to pumpkin pie, grandpa?" said he.

"Tell him, father," said Uncle Arthur. "This generation should know all about it as well as we."

"One of you boys can," said grandpa. "I'm out of the way of telling stories. 'You may do it, Ainslee.'"

"Don't you do any such thing," said grandma, half laughing, and quite red in the face. "What do you suppose these children will think?"

"We will find out pretty soon," said Uncle Ainslee. "When I've eaten my share, mother, every one who does n't know about it shall be told."

So, when the great pie had gone about the table, and every body was busily picking out nuts, Uncle Ainslee leaned back comfortably in his chair and began: —

"How old grandpa was, I can't exactly say, and how old grandma was, I could n't tell either; but it's a certain fact that John Walton (that's grandpa) was the handsomest young man in all Charleston, and Sybil Huntingdon (that's grandma) the very prettiest girl in Windsor. Where they met, and how they met, grandpa knows better than I do; but he at once fell violently in love, and when Miss Sybil came to make a visit at Charleston, he spent so much money in fine clothes, that he came very near having none at all left. Try as he would, grandpa could never find out whether Miss Sybil cared any thing for him or not; and when she went home to Windsor, she left such an uneasy, uncomfortable, worrying man behind her, that it's a wonder how he ever got through the two months which followed. Finally, quite unable to bear it one day longer, he made up his mind he would take a holiday, put on his most magnificent suit of clothes, ride up to Windsor, and ask Miss Sybil if she would marry him. If you want to know how he looked, children, turn round a moment."

Every body turned to look at the portrait which hung over the dining-room mantel, — a young man with bright brown eyes and hair like

Uncle Ainslee, dressed in a very short-waisted blue coat with brass buttons, a nankeen vest, from which seemed to rush out three full cambric ruffles, and very tight breeches, buckled at the knee over some equally tight black silk stockings.

"Is *that* grandpa?" said all the children together.

"I never knew that," said Ainslee. "I thought it was Abraham, or Noah, or somebody out of the Bible."

"Not exactly," said Uncle Ainslee, laughing at grandma's look of astonishment at Ainslee. "That is grandpa in his courting suit, and just as he looked that late September morning, ever and ever so many years ago, when he stepped into his one-horse chaise, and drove along the beautiful river road to Windsor. He made believe he was enjoying the ride, but the nearer he got to Windsor, the more his heart went pit-a-pat, till at last, when he drove up Common Hill, and into the great gate back of Parson Huntingdon's, he had almost a mind to drive home again to Charleston as fast as he could go. Old Nat met him and took the horse, and he walked round to the front door. There sat Miss Sybil at the parlor window with great-grandmother, sewing, and looking so lovely, that grandpa thought he should certainly die if she said 'No.' In he went, and Miss Sybil was very much astonished of course, and then great-grandmother, after she had talked a little while, said she must go and see about dinner, and so left them together."

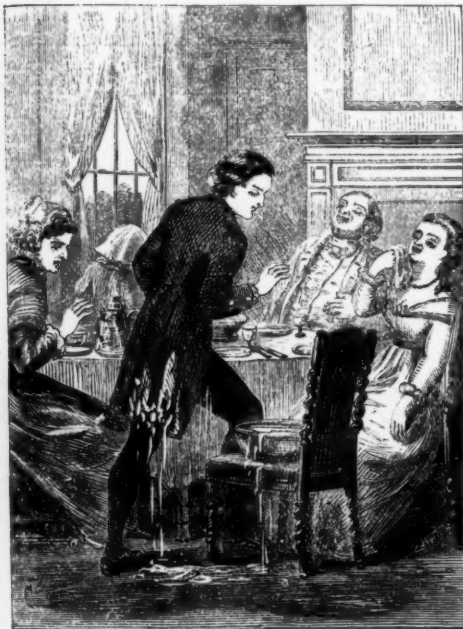
"Now Miss Sybil was very famous for gardening, just as she is to this day, and she always had flowers in her garden to the last moment that Jack Frost would allow it. So, after grandpa had talked about the weather and his ride, and told her how all his relations were, he stared at her in such a dreadful kind of way that she turned very red, and dropped her work, and broke her needle, and finally, quite desperate, asked him if he would n't like to go into the garden and see her flowers. Of course he said 'Yes,' and out they both went. What happened then you will know by and by."

"In the mean time great-grandmother had given black Dilly orders about the dinner, and gone up to her room to put on her best cap, and tell great-grandpa that John Walton had come way from Charleston to see Sybil, and she should n't wonder if they were going to settle matters right away."

"Now black Dilly had a daughter named Dolly, then about ten years old, whose business was to set tables, run of errands, etc. If Topsy

had only been written about then, Dolly certainly would never have been Dolly any more, but Topsy to the end of the chapter, for if she could have stood on her head while setting that table, she certainly would have done it. As it was, she had a sort of war-dance over every knife and fork she put on, and had her ears boxed at least twice by her mother, as she whirled back and forth from the kitchen.

"At last, bread and butter and every thing were on the table, and Dilly put into her hands just such an immense pumpkin pie as you have seen to-day. Dolly had got half-way across the dining-room with it, when Miss Sybil's gray kitten raced across the yard, closely pursued by somebody's dog. Down went the pumpkin pie into a chair standing by the table, and off went Dolly to think nothing more of pie or pie-plates till



dinner was ready, and Dilly had tired herself out with calling her to come and wait. Then she took her station near great-grandmother, with her little waiter in her hand, and twisting her woolly head half off, in order to see Mr. Walton as he came in. Great-grandfather took his place, and waited patiently for the young people, and soon Miss Sybil appeared, and sat down in her usual seat, red as one of her own roses, while grandpa walked behind her, looking happy enough to hug

the whole family, but so blind with bashfulness, that he shook hands carefully with Dolly, and said 'How do you do, Mr. Huntingdon?' till that gentleman thought him the craziest lover he ever had seen, and said, —

"Take a seat Mr. Walton; pray take a seat."

"Mr. Walton drew out the chair by Miss Sybil and sat down suddenly, but rose up with a bound.

"Land of Goshen!" said great-grandmother, standing up; 'look at his coat-tails!'

"O Lord! O Lord!" screamed Dolly, throwing her apron over her head and running into the kitchen; 'he's sot down in the pumpkin pie!'

"Dilly did n't wait to hear who, but rushed into the dining-room with a basin and towel. There stood grandpa with plastered coat-tails, and pumpkin running down those beautiful breeches and black silk stockings, on to great-grandmother's new carpet, hardly able to move for mortification, while Parson Huntingdon lay back in his chair and laughed till he cried, and Miss Sybil was just as bad. There was nothing to do but to take him up-stairs and give him fresh clothes, while Dilly cleaned the others; so great-grandfather led the way to the study, and opened his closet. Plenty of clothes there: but you see grandpa is rather a small man, and Parson Huntingdon was very big, — six feet high, and fat too, — and the figure grandpa cut when he came down again was something wonderful.

"The coat-sleeves were so long he had to roll them up, and the cambric ruffles were quite lost in a wilderness of waistcoat, while the breeches hung in folds over the knee-buckles. However, he had got over the first shock, and was prepared to have some fun out of it, though he has been heard to say, that if he had waited till after dinner to propose to Miss Sybil, he is afraid she would never have said any thing but 'No.'"

Here Uncle Ainslee suddenly left the dining-room, and was gone some little time, while the children looked curiously at grandpa's white hair and grandma's cap, as if it were hard to believe they had ever been young. Presently the door opened, and Uncle Ainslee came in in such a dress that every body got up to look at him. How he had ever got into it, it was impossible to tell, for he was as tall as great-grandfather Huntingdon, though not fat yet. There he stood, blue coat, cambric ruffles, and all, holding out his coat-tails as if he had just risen up from the pie.

"Yes," said grandpa, "the identical suit. You did n't suppose I was going to throw it away, did you? Not I; though where Ainslee got hold of it I don't see."

"He's been to the big chest in the garret," said grandma. "It's been there for years, with my wedding dress, that you never'd let me dye or any thing."

"Once more," said grandpa, quite stirred up, and rising from his chair — "Children, it's about the last time we can all hope to keep Thanksgiving together — once more, then, drink to 'Pumpkin Pie.'"

"Three cheers for pumpkin pie!" shouted

little John, and any body who went by just then must have thought Grandpa Walton's family gone crazy, for such a shout came from the old dining-room, that Ponto ran around the house barking, and every glass on the table shook.

There we leave them. You, little readers, who have followed Ainslee through his summer, will meet him again, perhaps, in not so very long a time; and till then,

Good-by.

HELEN C. WEEKS.

UNCLE SILAS AT BURTON HARBOR.

MR. SILAS SAWINS, solid citizen of Boston, peculiarly interested in certain Lake Superior copper-mines, became seized with a desire to see how a copper-mine looked. He also remembered that his favorite nephew, Briggs Cloud, was up there, and he wanted to see how Briggs looked. The consequence was, that one very hot day in August he put on his linen duster and started for Lake Superior. Rattling over the land in railroad cars, and careering over the water in steam-boats, the end of a week found him safely arrived at Burton Harbor.

The first person Mr. Sawins met on the dock at Burton Harbor, was the young book-keeper himself. Briggs was surprised and delighted at seeing his uncle. He wrung his hand warmly, and expressed his gladness in exclamations of pleasure and welcome. A queer old customer was Uncle Silas, — as old bachelors are apt to be. His eyes lighted with gratification at his nephew's cordial greeting, but all he said was this: —

"Now look here, Briggs. I've got three days here — three days — understand? This boat is going up to Heron Harbor to-night, and she's coming back Thursday night, to take me home again. I want to see the Superintendent at once — at once — understand?"

Briggs understood. So he led his uncle up the steep hill to the mining-office, and introduced him to Mr. Joy. Of course Mr. Joy knew who he was — one of the heaviest stockholders.

"Now I want a guide at once, Mr. Joy," said Uncle Silas; "an intelligent man — understand? — a fellow that knows every thing about the country here, and about copper. Got such a person?"

"Yes, sir. Here he is," and Mr. Joy placed his hand on Briggs Cloud's shoulder. "There is n't a person at Burton Harbor that knows the

region better than this young man does, either aboveground or underground."

"All right, then," said Uncle Silas.

Mr. Sawins thought, before he had been long in his nephew's company, that there was something marvelous in the extent of his knowledge of mining operations. And not only that, but Briggs seemed as familiar with copper from the earliest times as if he had never studied any other subject since he put off baby-clothes.

"They did n't have such copper-mines as ours in old Job's time, Uncle Silas," said Briggs, as the two stood viewing a huge "mass" that was being drawn past by oxen, on an iron sledge like a bank-shutter.

"Job who?" asked Uncle Silas, who was thinking about something else at the moment.

"Why, Job of the Old Testament, sir, — the man who had so much trouble."

"How do you know what they had in Job's time?" demanded Mr. Sawins, looking sharply over his spectacles at Briggs.

"Don't you remember," the young man answered, "where Job says that 'copper is molten out of the stone?' What would he have thought of one of these masses? Their like never was in the old world, sir. These miners from Cornwall and Devonshire say they never heard of such masses till they came to this country."

"Possible?"

"Yes, sir. And nothing like them is known to the miners of Australia, Cuba, Chili, or Ireland. These mines are the richest in the world. Yet I think they are not worked as carefully as they might be. It seems a trifle, sir, but trifles count, you know; and whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; if our folks were more careful about making up their working-mixtures, there would be a better profit. The

ores that contain sulphur ought to be more carefully mixed with regard to the amount of tin, arsenic, iron pyrites, silica, and so forth, so as to get the percentage at a better average. We might save a good deal in the way of adding flux, by more care, and so make the slag cleaner, and more fusible."

"Oh!—slag, eh?" put in Uncle Silas, at random, much as if Briggs were talking Dutch or Chippewa.

"Yes, sir; and the mat would come nearer to the necessary thirty per cent. then."

"Yes, mat. Certainly! And flux. You seem to know all about it. I hope you understand what you're talking about. I don't."

As they passed over the mines, Briggs pointed out the different varieties of copper,—coarse, pimpled, bed, blistered, etc.,—with their qualities and relative values, and talked most fluently about carbonaceous matters, and scoria, and sharp slag, and subsulphuret, and more wild things of that sort than the old gentleman ever heard of before in his life. The copper-mines were thus thoroughly gone over, and Mr. Sawins's head crammed with so much indigestible information that it ached again. On the morning of the second day, he said,—

"Well, Briggs, I suppose you know I have an interest in the Keweenaw iron-mines over here: you seem to know every thing"

"No, sir," said Briggs, laughing, "I was not aware of that."

"Well, do you know any one who is posted on those iron-mines, and the route to them?"

"Yes, sir, I know a young man who has overhauled the Keweenaw mines pretty industriously. I guess he knows them pretty well."

"As well as you know copper?"

"Quite as well, sir."

"Fetch him, then."

"He is here, sir,—at your service." And Briggs took off his hat and bowed low.

"Well, well!" muttered Uncle Silas, "I don't know which I admire most in you, your sharpness or your self-conceit. How do we get there?"

"We can cross the harbor in a canoe, and get a horse and buggy on the other side. It is about a three-miles' drive. You can get there without crossing the harbor, if you prefer; but you'll have to drive a long way round, over a rough road."

"How far is it that way?"

"About fifteen miles."

"Go the shortest way, then," was the reply,

after an instant's hesitation. If the truth must be told, Mr. Sawins had a profound dread of the water—an element with which he had been little familiar during his life, save as a beverage. Not that he greatly feared a trip in a well-manned steamboat; but he had never been tempted into a sail-boat since the time when he was capsized in one, fifty years ago, when he was a small boy.

It was not without certain inward qualms, then, that he made up his mind to this perilous ride across the harbor in a frail canoe, though the water was as smooth as a little pond, and the distance not over a quarter of a mile. And when they came to the dock, and Briggs showed him the big birch-bark basket floating there, Uncle Silas grew nervous.

"You're quite sure it's safe, are you, Briggs?" he said, as he stood on the dock, looking anxiously down into the canoe.

"Oh, perfectly," said Briggs, quietly arranging a pile of mattings in one end of the frail craft, as a seat for his uncle. "I'll paddle you over all right, sir. You can't capsize her without you try to particularly hard."

"Very well. Shall—shall I jump in?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, but don't jump too heavily. Get in lightly, or you might put your foot through the bottom."

Briggs uttered this remark altogether in joke; but the caution was only half uttered when the old gentleman, seized with a sudden panic, shut his eyes and set his teeth hard, and sprang forward like a huge stone out of a catapult. What was the young man's astonishment, then, at seeing Mr. Sawins's feet actually burst a hole in the bottom of the canoe! At the same moment, the little craft shot out into the harbor under the influence of the shock, and Uncle Silas fell flat on his back. The water poured into the canoe, and as the old gentleman felt it wetting his person, he was seized with a ludicrous terror. He sprang forward headlong, and grasped Briggs about the neck with a fervor that threw them both overboard. Matters really began to look serious now, for the grasp Uncle Silas had about his nephew's person almost entirely prevented him from using his arms. Briggs was a good swimmer, but this predicament was a good deal worse than a double-headed cramp would have been. Fortunately, the catastrophe was witnessed by a German who kept a beer saloon on the dock, who put out in his own private "pung," and rescued the shipwrecked pair. Silas was nearly strangled, having swallowed water like a grampus, and

his teeth chattered like a pair of castanets. He was taken into the German's house, stripped of his clothes, and put to bed while they dried.

"*Donner und blitzen!*" cried the Teuton, "I t'ought you was bote drown'det fer goot, yah! Das ole man he hang on like ein pig pull-dog!"

The excursion was given up for that day, but the next morning Uncle Silas was apparently none the worse for his ducking. However, nothing would induce him to make a second attempt to cross the little harbor. He had got enough, he said, of riding in Indian baskets. He resolved to take the circuitous land-route, with Mr. Joy's horse and buggy.

"Donny will drive you over, uncle," said Briggs.

"Who's Donny?"

"Mr. Joy's Cornish man-servant. I am needed in the office this morning."

"But I want you at the mine," said Uncle Silas.

"Certainly, sir. I'll be there in time. I can cross over in a canoe," (Silas shuddered) "a fresh canoe, sir," added Briggs, with a broad grin, "and walk out to the mines. It is a short walk, and you have a long ride."

The horse was a spirited one, and had not been driven in harness for a long time. Briggs did not exactly like the way she laid her ears back as he went about her, examining the harness to see that all was right. But he had never known her to misbehave, and he knew Donny was a careful driver. But the truth was, the mare was full of mischief. As she ambled along, on the road to the mines, there was something in her air that said she was bound to have a good run as soon as she saw a nice clean stretch of road before her. The country was nearly all woodland, however, for the greater part of the way, and it was not until toward noon, when the journey was near its end, that she saw before her the coveted stretch of level land. Then she began to show signs of spirit.

"Ha' done wi' yer nonsense now!" cried Donny.

But talking did no good. The mare suddenly shied at some object, and sprang half out of the road. Then, with one vicious bound, she took the bits in her teeth and shot off like the wind. Donny pulled hard at the reins, but that was useless. Suddenly one of the straps snapped, and let the Cornish driver back so unexpectedly that he nearly fell into the road.

On the mare sped, at a pace that made Uncle Silas grow pale with terror. Even Donny lost

some of his ruddy color. The buggy bounded from side to side of the way, in momentary danger of snapping an axle and going down with a crash.

All at once, Donny looked about him with a new terror in his face. He was taking the bearings of the neighborhood. The whole danger now dawned upon him. He caught Uncle Silas by the arm, and whispered with thrilling distinctness, —

"Merciful Hivens! The mine! Et's right afore us! She'll go over!"

In order to comprehend Donny's terror, you must understand that the iron mine the runaway horse was approaching was simply a great gorge-like opening in the hill-side. Commencing at the foot of the hill, the miners had dug and blasted into it, till it was now a huge precipice towering skyward. All over this precipice, on the narrow ledges of rock, the miners clambered, picking away at the ore with their pickaxes, while down below others were drilling for fresh blasts. Standing on the "floor" of the mine, as you entered it from the level ground at the foot of the hill, you would gaze up at the towering precipice, its front glowing in the bright light of the sun, gleaming lead-color and bronze. The miners who clung to the face of the bluff, looked like pygmies, away up so high; and still beyond and above them the precipice rose, till the few scant trees on its top looked like twigs or undergrowth in the distance.

Straight on to the brink of this precipice the now frantic mare was plunging furiously, dragging Uncle Silas behind her. He was alone in the buggy now, for Donny had leaped out, unable to face such a terrible death.

Down on his knees in the buggy, his back toward the horse, clinging to the seat in impotent terror, his face deathly white and his eyes distended frightfully, Uncle Silas gazed over his shoulder at the stretch of grassy land along which he was speeding. He understood that the precipice was close at hand, and he expected in a moment more to go over it with the maddened horse, and be dashed to death on the rocks at the bottom of the deep gorge. Suddenly a quick gleam of light spread over the old man's face, and he cried out in a quivering, wailing voice like a child's — for a child he was in that hour, —

"There he is! — there he is! — there he is! Oh, thank God!"

Yes, a little further on — not far from the brink of the precipice — stood Briggs Cloud,

with his coat and hat thrown off, leaning forward with shining eyes.

As the horse swept down upon him, he spoke to her in a low, distinct voice:—

“Whoa, Madge!”

At the same instant he made a gliding spring at the bridle, grasping it close at the mouth of the mare, wrenched the bit from her teeth, and turned her from her course almost on the edge of the chasm.

Uncle Silas had fainted.

Briggs led the mare to a tree and fastened her, his hands trembling with the reaction after the excitement and exertion, and then walked to the edge of the precipice and shouted to a man down below. The man heard the shout, and looked up. Briggs beckoned to him, and pointed to the side-path. The man obeyed the motion, and went climbing up.

There was little strength left in Uncle Silas for a ramble over the Keweenaw mines. He contented himself with a view of that part which had come so near being the scene of his death. There he sat for an hour, quite still, while Briggs—perfectly at home again here, as in the

copper region—gathered specimens of the ore for Mr. Sawins to examine, and ran on in the same bewildering style as before, about red and brown hematites, hydrated peroxide, botryoidal radiating masses, magnetic oxides, clay ironstones, smelting with charcoal and anthracite, and limestone flux.

“Ah! flux again?” murmured Silas, wearily.

“Yes, sir,” said Briggs, “the usual flux—limestone.”

“Well, we’ll go home now, boy. I’m about worn out. Can you get a horse?”

“Why, I suppose there will be no danger in driving Madge back now, sir.”

Uncle Silas shook his head determinedly.

“She’s run all the mischief out of her now, I guess,” said Briggs.

But Silas Sawins would none of her. He declared he would stay where he was till he died, before he would risk his neck a second time behind that terrific beast. So another animal was provided, and they rode home.

Donny, the Cornishman, had sustained no very severe bruises, and was able to drive Madge home in safety.

WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

[Concluded from the October number.]

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

BEHOLD the wretched Pericles left upon his battered ship, with the poor babe in his arms, who smiled at him with the unconscious tranquillity of infancy. His heart was so torn with the loss of his queen, that he could find no comfort in the blessed gift of this little daughter. He looked on each tender feature, and found in the eye, the chin, the forehead, some trace of his dear wife. But this likeness only made his anguish more keen. Rousing himself at length from the apathy of grief in which he was plunged, he inquired what coast the ship sailed nearest. The sailors told him they were near Tharsus, but still a long distance from Tyre. He recalled the ancient friendship which had existed between Cleon and himself, and directed the ship to make for that harbor. She did so, and he reached

the city without further adventure, receiving a cordial welcome from the Governor and Dionyza.

After the first warmth of the meeting and their condolences for the loss of his queen were over, Pericles placed his infant in the arms of Dionyza. He had bestowed upon her the name of Marina, from the sea, which was her birth-place. He begged these friends, in whom he had great confidence, to rear his child with their own daughter, declaring he would never cut his hair or shave his beard, until his daughter, now so tender an infant, should reach a marriageable age, and be united to a worthy husband. Having made these plans for her breeding and education, Pericles left the palace of Cleon and Dionyza, and returned to Tyre, where he received the sceptre from Helicanus, and commenced a peaceful and just reign.

In the mean time the costly chest in which Pericles had encased the body of his beloved wife

had floated upon the waves, and was tossed ashore at Ephesus. Here some gentlemen, who were early abroad, found it among the wrecks, lying in the sand. It happened that there dwelt upon the coast in Ephesus, one of the wisest of living physicians, named Cerimon. He knew the properties of all herbs and minerals, their powers of cure, and prepared such wonderful remedies as the world had never seen. To him, then, this chest containing the lifeless body of Thaisa was brought. When Cerimon beheld this box, his first conjecture was that it was filled with golden treasure which had been washed off some lost vessel, and cast ashore. He ordered his servants to tear open the lid, and the pungent odor of the spices, with which Pericles had surrounded the body of Thaisa, filled the whole apartment. He bent over the chest with some curiosity to find what was indeed inclosed there, and beheld the face of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, upturned to his.

Her pale hands were folded on her breast, and her lips and cheeks still glowed with the hue of life. Transfixed with admiration, Cerimon bent over her, and his eye was caught by a written scroll which Pericles had placed beside her. He opened it and read:—

"Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, King Pericles, have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity."

Now Cerimon had had great experience in bringing back to life people who had lain a long time apparently dead. Especially he recalled the case of an Egyptian who had lain nine hours in a trance, and had afterward been recovered. Remembering this, he resolved, if it were within human means, to preserve a lady so beautiful, and so precious to the unknown writer of the scroll. He ordered preparation to be made for a medicinal bath, all kinds of stimulants to be got ready, and proceeded himself to use those powerful medicaments by which he hoped to restore her to life. His labors were rewarded, for in a short time the color began to deepen on her cheek, from her parted lips a slight breath began to issue, and Cerimon could feel under the silken drapery in which she was enveloped, the beating of her heart. He redoubled his efforts, and presently she sat up, and in a faint voice asked for her lord and husband.

As soon as Thaisa was sufficiently recovered

to hear the story of her supposed death, and her burial in the stormy waves, which had so kindly thrown her into the hands of Cerimon, all these circumstances were related to her. She was convinced that Pericles must have been lost in the sea from which she had been so wonderfully preserved, and she resolved to go to the temple of Diana, which was in Ephesus, and devote the rest of her life to the service of that goddess. Cerimon did not gainsay her wish, and she was soon enrolled among those who officiated at the votive altars, and became renowned as the most beautiful and chaste of all the priestesses of Diana.

Marina, left in the care of Cleon and Dionyza, grew daily in grace and loveliness. Her father had left as her attendant, the old servant Lychorida, who had nursed the queen in her illness upon the ocean, and in this faithful woman Marina found a second mother. The young princess was instructed in all feminine arts. She learned to embroider in a manner which was considered wonderful even then, when embroidery was one of the fine arts. She sang and played on the harp with great skill, and she was an apt scholar in the languages. The only daughter of Dionyza, who was called Philoten, was the sharer of all the princess's studies, and her close companion, but while Marina was graceful and lovely, Philoten was deformed and ugly; where Marina excelled in accomplishments, she was left far behind.

Dionyza, for her daughter's sake, beheld the beauty and sweetness of Marina with envious eyes. That her only child, nurtured with so much maternal love and fondness, should be outstripped by a stranger, was hateful beyond measure to her. She did not allow this feeling to be restrained even by the remembrance of how much Cleon and herself, indeed, the whole city of Tharsus, owed to the father of this young girl, nor did the sweet disposition of Marina in the least soften her heart; indeed, it served still more to steel it against her.

About this time, when Marina was nearly fourteen, and according to the custom of the country in which she lived, nearly of marriageable age, her old nurse Lychorida was taken ill and died. Marina had felt the growing coldness of Dionyza, and had clung with all the tenderness of her nature to this one dear old friend, as the only remembrance left her of her dead mother and absent father. When she died, her grief passed all bounds, and she could not be comforted. She went every day to weep over the grave of her old nurse, and to strew it with flowers.

While she was bent on the daily fulfillment of these pious rites, the wicked and ungrateful Dionyza conceived a fearful project. She had so long nourished her hatred of Marina, that it was only a short step to crime. Seeing how lonely and unprotected Marina remained, she plotted to take her life. She instructed one of her servants, a low villain, to join her in one of her walks, and drawing her into some lonely place, to kill her. The murderer obeyed her commands, and, tempting Marina to an unfrequented place on the sea-shore, he was about to slay her, when she begged for a short respite. He gave her a few minutes in which to prepare for death, and the princess, going by herself, knelt upon the sand, lifting up her pure eyes and hands toward heaven in supplication.

Now it happened that, as she knelt thus, some pirates prowling about for booty discovered her, and seized her as a prize, and bore her to their ship, which was anchored near by. They immediately set sail for Mitylene, and sold her there as a female slave. Here her skill in all womanly accomplishments proved a great source of good fortune to her. She was able to instruct in needle-work, music, and various other branches, and she sang so exquisitely that her voice was noted through the whole city. Lysimachus, the Governor of Mitylene, noticed the maiden, and desired that she should be kindly treated.

After Marina was carried off by the pirates, the servant of Dionyza returned to his mistress and told her that he had obeyed her commands, and that Marina was dead. On this the wicked woman revealed to Cleon what she had done. He professed to be much shocked at it, and reminded her how much cause they had to dread the anger of the citizens if this deed became known, since they had always cherished a grateful memory of Pericles for his services in their times of famine. But he felt no real sorrow for the deed, and readily joined with his wife in concealing what had been done. They agreed together to affect great grief, and to give out that Marina died suddenly from too much sorrow at her nurse's death. Then they gave her empty coffin pompous burial, and erected over her vacant tomb a magnificent marble pillar, on which was an inscription which told in fine words the beauty and worth of Marina.

It now being near Marina's fourteenth birthday, Pericles, who had all this time been reigning quietly in Tyre, ever cherishing deep in his heart the memory of his lost queen, resolved to go to Tharsus to bring home his daughter, and

make plans for seeing her worthily married. He took with him a number of his nobles, among the rest the aged Helicanus, who had always been his chief adviser and counselor. They reached Tharsus in the midst of the ceremonies which attended the funeral of Marina. When Pericles heard that his daughter was dead, whom he had not loved less because her resemblance to her dead mother had made the sight of her impossible till time had softened his anguish, he was completely heart-broken. He only remained long enough to listen to the fictitious story which Dionyza told him of her death, and then immediately took to his ships.

Scarcely caring whither he went, he allowed the ship to sail without question, until, by some unusual good fortune, they anchored in Mitylene, where Marina now dwelt. As soon as they were in harbor, Lysimachus, the Governor, who was a young and gallant gentleman, came on board the ship of Pericles to see the stranger who had thus unexpectedly arrived at their city. Pericles lay in his cabin, prone upon his face. His hair and beard, which had been uncut for fourteen years, streamed about his person, and made him look like a wild beast in his lair. Lysimachus approached him and endeavored to talk with him, to find out the motives for his visit to Mitylene, but he would not open his lips. After spending some time in vain endeavor to draw him from this apathy, Lysimachus remembered the wonderful voice of Marina, and the charm which it had to draw the wretched from the contemplation of their miseries, and he asked Helicanus, who now informed him of the name and rank of his master, if the maid might not be sent to try her skill upon the King.

Marina was sitting in a shady grove near the city, surrounded by a group of young girls, to some of whom she was teaching music, others she was instructing in singing and embroidery, when the messengers of the Governor came for her. She hastened to go with them, and was soon led into the presence of Pericles. At first the sight of this wild-looking man, who lay stretched upon his face on a rude pallet, filled her with awe and dread; but very soon summoning courage, she commenced to sing a soothing melody.

He gave no sign that he heard. At length, growing more bold, she came near him and ventured to lay her hand upon his shoulder. She begged him to consider if he were not wrong in so giving way to grief, since there were others whose misfortunes had perhaps been as great as his, who did not so accuse Heaven in yielding to

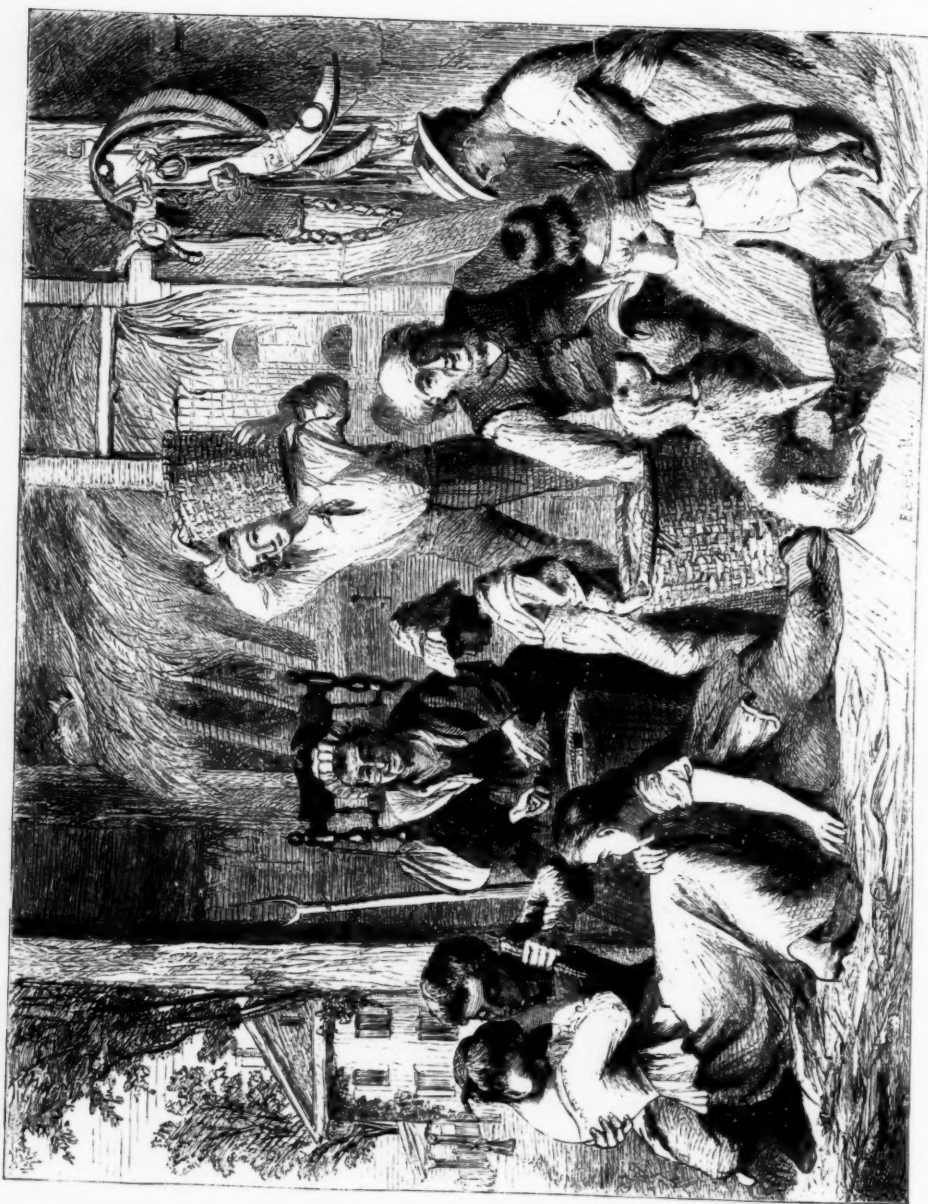
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them. She told him that she, young as she was, had much cause to be sad, for by right she was a princess, whose father was a powerful king; that she had been born upon the sea, where her mother had died in giving her birth, and that her childhood had never known a father's or a mother's love.

At her words, Pericles lifted up his face and beheld something in her features and the expression of her countenance which held his gaze entranced. He asked eagerly her name and the story of her birth. When she told him she was called Marina, and commenced relating her history from infancy, Pericles became so filled with joy that he could hardly restrain himself to hear her adventures. He arose from his couch, and, taking her to his breast, he wept over her, till, wearied with his emotions, he fell into a deep slumber.

While he slept, the goddess Diana appeared to him in a shining vision, and directed him to proceed immediately to Ephesus with his new-found daughter, and there, upon his knees before her shrine, declare in a loud voice his name and his adventures. When he awoke, the impression of the dream was so strong upon him that he did not hesitate to obey it.

Before he set out for Ephesus, the young Governor, Lysimachus, sought the Prince, and asked of him in marriage the hand of his daughter Marina. He told Pericles that he had loved the maid since she first came to Mitylene, and he thought she had looked on him with favorable eyes. On being questioned, Marina avowed herself nowise averse to the handsome Lysimachus, and they were betrothed before setting out for Ephesus.

On their arrival at the temple of Diana, they found the building filled with a great crowd of people, who were in attendance at a festival in honor of the goddess. Among the citizens pres-

ent was Cerimon, with a large train of attendants. Unabashed by the great number of spectators, Pericles knelt before the grand altar of Diana, and in a loud voice commenced relating all his adventures,—his shipwreck at Pentapolis, his marriage with Thaisa, her loss at sea, and the story of his daughter's ill treatment from Dionyza.

While he was speaking the priestesses were listening, when suddenly the beautiful Thaisa gave a loud cry, and coming forward, threw herself upon the neck of Pericles. She learned for the first time, that she had a living husband and daughter, and he now found again the wife he thought to be dead. As soon as all had a little recovered from their first wonder, Thaisa told her story, which was confirmed by the learned Cerimon, and with tears of great joy Pericles folded his wife and daughter in one embrace.

As soon as they could make ready, the happy party set sail for Tyre. On their way thither they stopped at Pentapolis, and found the good King Simonides just expiring. He left his kingdom to Pericles, who placed on the throne his son-in-law and daughter, and left them to reign together. He also gave great privileges to the fishermen on that coast, in grateful memory of the favors he had received from them. Leaving Pentapolis, he went to Tharsus. Here he informed the citizens of the wrongs his daughter had suffered at the hands of Dionyza and Cleon, and the enraged populace took the lives of the guilty couple. The city was given into the hands of Pericles, who left the faithful Helicanus as its ruler and governor.

Then Pericles and his Queen went on to Tyre, where they reigned long years in wondrous happiness and peace. She bore him a son, who was afterward the Prince of Tyre, and at a very ripe age Pericles and Thaisa died, and their ashes were placed in one sepulchre.

HUSKING.

The yellow suns of Autumn fall,
Across the orchard and the wood;
The still air echoes every call,
The vine lies painted on the wall,
And all the maples drip with blood.

The neighbors come from far and near,
And gather on the broad barn-floor;
To celebrate the ripened Year,
And strip the husk from off the ear,
That turns to gold the farmer's store.

This is the merry Husking Time,
 For old and young to laugh together;
 And voices all seem now to chime
 As if they had been set to rhyme,
 On purpose for this Autumn weather.

The Old Folks smile — and work — and smile,
 To feel their blood so newly stirred;
 The younger feed the yellow pile,
 Hunting the red ears all the while,
 And blush and kiss without a word.

Children and dogs go in and out
 Sharing the mirth that overruns;
 And help the sport with many a shout,
 That sends its echoes far without,
 As 't were a camp of little Huns.

The golden corn that makes this play, —
 A bullion bar is every ear, —
 'T was dropped as seed in early May;
 And in the blazing August day
 It ripened for the ending Year.

'T was fun to ride the horse to plough,
 And set the scarecrows in the field;
 'T is better fun to be here now,
 And laugh and chat at finding how
 The corn has brought a generous yield.

Bring in fresh basketfuls of ears,
 And let them spill about the floor;
 Push on the husking; — have no fears
 But corn will grow these many years,
 As corn has always grown before!

Author of "HOMESFURN."

AMONG THE TREES.

November 1.

WHILE the beautiful summer lasted we had troops and troops of floral friends. Their sunny faces greeted us in the grassy meadows, and they lured us on from lowland to highland, and confided to us, true lovers as they knew we were, their most secluded and hidden haunts. We knew well where to find the shy beauties who steal away from the garden borders and open their glowing petals by the brink of mountain rills, or in the deep ravines and unfrequented forest paths. We sought on the remote and sheltered hill-sides the rare Spring Orchis, the Nodding Trillium, and fragrant Pyrola; and in the damp and sequestered dells the elegant Purple Oxalis and Adder's-tongue and Arethusa, the sweet White Violets and Spring Beauties; and by the brook-sides the brilliant Cardinal Flower and Sarracenia, and far away in the deeper woods the showy Ladies' Slippers and Fringed Orchis of the later summer. We learned where grew the freshest Mosses and fairest Ferns, and every forest ramble was tinged and tinted with that *couleur de Rose*, and that "purple light of love" bestowed upon us by these woodland pets, who threw such a charm over our summer life.

But these darlings have folded themselves away from these sterner gales, and though we know that through all the winter months we shall find much without to tempt to the frequent stroll, we have also arranged much within that will bring

satisfaction. Our house-plants are beautiful, and we mean to add to them every available treasure. We are going to try all sorts of experiments with Hyacinth bulbs, particularly that one with the two Hyacinth glasses, out of one end of which is to come a White, and out of the other a Purple Hyacinth. We hardly think it will succeed, but time will show. We have placed a Sweet Potato in a suitable vase, and expect to see that sprout and throw out leaves, and finally run over into a graceful vine with pretty flowers. Then we have the loveliest Mosses, covering dishes of sand, in which we can place greenhouse flowers or bulbs. One shallow dish of silver sand, which we have filled with Crocus bulbs, placed an inch or two apart, will be delightful soon.

Then we have a "Plantation," a large, good-looking box, filled with the nicest earth, where we plant rare seeds, or place choice bulbs, or slips, or any thing with which we wish to experiment. All that survived of our Cuban plants have been transferred to this box, and one of the beautiful Flowering Tamarinds is growing well. Oh, if it will only blossom! but if it will not, the leaves are as elegant as Fern leaves. One little vine which grew from a seed from Colorado, has climbed to the top of one of the windows. It has prettily cut leaves of most delicate green, and a profusion of little white flowers growing in bunches, quite pretty, and as we do not know what it is, and as no one who has yet seen it can tell us, it is particularly interesting. And this

reminds me of a rarity which we found in New England. While walking one day over a terraced hill, leading from the garden of a friend's house, we found a plant growing in the grass; it was ten or twelve inches high, and with flowers that we had never seen before. Not remarkably pretty, but entirely new. We tried to find them out, but could not; and all the botanical talent which we could command in the region, could throw no light on these strange little blossoms. So we put a spray in a letter to Father, who was in New York, and in due time he sent us the somewhat imposing botanical description, given him by a learned botanist.

"*Epimedium-Alpinum*. A native of the mountains of Southern Europe, belonging to the natural order Berberidaceæ. The nearest approach to *Epimedium-Alpinum* in this country is the *Vancouveria*, of Oregon and Washington Territories." Now was it not amazing to find growing wild on Massachusetts hills a flower whose home was on the mountains of Southern Europe? The wonder was somewhat lessened, however, when we learned that some years ago a distinguished botanist had lived here, who was often receiving seeds from abroad. But it was a new flower, not only to us, but to every one to whom we showed it. I am so sorry that we did not draw it. We intended to find a fresh specimen, but neglected it and so have lost it.

November 3.

I must give you an additional dish of Sea-weeds, for since I last wrote about them I have had an opportunity to examine Professor Harvey's work upon American Algæ, and we shall study Sea-weeds, as well as press them, when we go to the sea-shore.

Among the Algæ are found the simplest forms of plant-life: they are the true "vegetable monads." They are found not only in water, but on land where there is continued moisture. Many are so minute as to be almost invisible; yet when examined by the microscope, these *nothings*, as one may call them, are found to be beautiful in form, and exquisitely adorned with ornament. They are found in hot and cold springs, with temperatures suited to the different temperatures, and the chemical combinations of the waters they inhabit. They exist on mountain peaks and the snows of Arctic regions, and upon Polar ice is found an unfrozen vegetation of minute Algæ. And not only in these localities, but, stranger still, in the air.

A mysterious shower of atmospheric dust of

exceeding fineness often covers the decks and rigging of ships far out at sea, and, incredible as it seems, this impalpable dust, when examined microscopically, is found to be composed of minute species of Algæ. Some naturalists suppose that this dust is lifted by the winds from the surfaces of pools, or the dried beds of shallow lakes, and thus borne to great distances; but another and later theory is, that it is developed in the air itself, nourished by cloud-moisture, and carried over land and sea by these aerial voyagers.

We can form some idea of the immensity of this family of plants, when we think of the vast extent of the ocean, and remember that this "great and wide sea," which in all climates, and at all known depths, is rich with a profusion of plant-life, nourishes, with very few exceptions, no other kind of vegetation. On the whole North American coast there are not more than half a dozen species of marine plants which do not belong to the Algæ family.

But the Algæ-ic forms, with which we shall have most to do, are the beautiful structures which strew the sea-beaches, or grow in the little pools or hollows of those battered old rocks we so delight in,—those fairy-like flower gardens belonging to the water nymphs no doubt. On one island near Newport, where we spent a perfect day, the mighty rocks were scooped out, forming little pools, over which the waves dashed continually, and these hollows were thickly lined with the most beautiful specimens of the Algæ tribe; not the Sea-weeds for pressing, but charming little plants, not half an inch high, of the softest colors, and so closely grouped, that it looked like a velvet mosaic more than any thing else I can think of.

This island was a great rock with scarcely any vegetation upon it, and but one house, which was a hotel; but it was a most captivating place, and we longed to stay there a month. The waves dash all around the lonely rock in splendid style, and the ocean roars with a heavy boom sounding like cannon. We sat on the rocks for hours, watching the breakers and seeing New York gentlemen catch fish, for it was a famous summer resort and a great place for fishing. A Wall Street broker caught three sharks in a few minutes while I was standing behind him. He seemed very expert at the business. Frightful looking creatures they were, with their great mouths.

But I am wandering from Sea-weeds. Professor Harvey describes their manner of growth, and distinctive qualities, and I must give you

some ideas gleaned from his work. Sea-weeds, as a general thing, do not derive their nourishment through their roots or from the substances on which they grow, but from the water surrounding them. They grow upon rocks and shells, upon the timbers of sunken ships, upon metals or leather, or any substance beneath the waters which will afford them a foothold, and the firmly adhering root seems designed only to keep the plant fixed in its place. The root is ordinarily a simple disk, or expansion of the base of the stem; and when the plant is very large, and requires more than one *holdfast*, other disks are formed, sometimes a circle of them around the central one. The only instances mentioned of penetrating roots, are in those plants which grow either on sandy shores or among coral formations, into which the roots penetrate and branch in all directions; but even in these cases they seem to be not sent out in quest of nourishment, but only to give greater support to the plants. Three colors are predominant in Sea-weeds, — grass-green, olive-green, and red; and in classifying them we may trust much to color, though it is not always an infallible guide. The Chlorosperms, or grass-green Algae, are found chiefly in fresh water, or the shallower parts of the sea, exposed to full sunshine, but always covered with water; while the Melansperms, or olive-greens, are found where the ebbing and flowing tide alternately covers them with water and leaves them exposed to the air. The Rhodospers, or rose-red, are found in most vivid perfection in the deep and dark parts of the sea, shaded by projecting rocks or over-growing Sea-weeds. The beautiful iridescence of many of these Sea-weeds, when beneath the water, is charming to behold. In some species of *Cystoseira*, which, when out of water, is a dull olive-brown, the branches as they sway to and fro beneath the waves, put on the richest and most vivid metallic blues and greens, changing with every movement. Similar tints are seen on the *Chondrus-crispus* (Carrageen, or Irish Moss) when growing in deep water, the tips of the branches glistening like sapphires and emeralds amidst dark purple leaves.

The wondrous and beautiful Red Snow of the Polar regions, those "crimson cliffs" whose mysterious tintings have been subjects of astonishment and admiration, from the time of the early Arctic voyagers to that of the accomplished and ever-lamented Kane, are found to derive their brilliancy from the most minute microscopic plants of the Algae family. These atoms of plants be-

long to the Order Palmellaceæ, the botanical name being *Protococcus-nivalis*. Every one of these little dots, as they seem, is a living plant of a carmine-red color, and flourishing with a profusion that can hardly be imagined. Sir John Ross speaks of a range of cliffs in Baffin's Bay, eight miles long, covered with deep snow of this brilliant tinge, the plants not only covering the surface, but extending down through the snow, in many places twelve feet, to the rocks beneath. Dr. Kane describes these cliffs as of a fine rose-red, and visible at a distance of ten miles.

From the minute beauty of the Red-snow-plant, and the floating dust of the aerial Algae, let us glance at a few of the *immensities*. The "*Neocrosystis - Lutkeana*," of the Order Laminariaceæ, was discovered by Dr. Mertens on the northwest coast of America. When fully grown, the stem is more than three hundred feet long, bearing upon its upper end an immense air-vessel six or seven feet long, and at the end of this grows a tuft of about fifty leaves, each leaf being from thirty to forty feet long. The Sea-Otters appropriate these wonderful vehicles, reposing comfortably upon the air-pillows when wishing to make a journey of pleasure, and hiding in the thicket of leaves when on a fishing excursion.

The "*Macrocystis-pyrifera*" is still more gigantic, the stems being estimated to be from seven hundred to a thousand feet long. Others have greater diameter though less length of stem, and are marine trees growing, with thick branches and broadly expanding top. Many are remarkable for size, or beauty of construction, or curious arrangement, and I could weary your patience with accounts of these water-plants. But we shall know a *sight* about the preparations for pressing Sea-weeds, which we should not have known without Professor Harvey's hints. They should be rinsed in fresh water in the first place, to clear them from sand and impurities, then placed in shallow dishes of water, to give them room to float and expand. A piece of white paper of proper size is then slipped under the floating specimen, and it is lifted carefully out upon it. If any of the fine fibres are entangled or matted, a little water dropped upon them will detach them, and with a pointed instrument the delicate branches may be properly arranged upon the paper. The white paper, with the specimens upon them, should be laid on a sheet of blotting paper, and covered with soft muslin. Another sheet of blotting paper, with specimens similarly arranged, may be laid upon this, and so on, as many as you choose. The parcel must then be

placed between flat boards, and subjected to a moderate pressure. They should be examined after several hours, and dry blotting papers and coverings placed over the larger specimens. In fine weather many of the more delicate plants will become perfectly dry in forty-eight hours. Care must be taken in the use of *fresh water*, and the Sea-weed presser must notice the effect of this. To some of the Sea-weeds it is a strong poison, rapidly decomposing the delicate tissues, but when applied to others it increases the brilliancy of coloring. The *reds* are rendered brighter and more clear; and some that, before being placed in fresh water, are a dingy red, come out in various tints of crimson or scarlet. Some that are of a dull brown before immersion, come out a brilliant crimson. How delightful it will be to experiment with these.

The tendency of some Sea-weeds to become brown or black in drying, may often be lessened by steeping them in fresh water for several hours before drying. *Hot water* changes the color of all *Algæ* to *green*, and if heat be applied during the drying process, artificial green may be imparted to the specimens, a mode of preparation, as he justly remarks, which could never be resorted to by *botanical* collectors, although it may be excused in the *mere makers* of *Sea-weed pictures*; and though it is evident that these *mere makers* of *Sea-weed pictures* must take a lower rank in the intellectual scale than *botanical* collectors, I see that we shall belong to them, for I know we shall take the earliest opportunity to make our *Sea-weeds* as bright a red as fresh water steeping can give them, and as vivid a green as hot water can bestow. I hope I have not wearied you with so much about *Sea-weeds*. I know how you like all such things, and I think you will feel as I do, that it is hard to say whether air, earth, or water brings the most wonderful and interesting contributions to reward the searching eye and the loving heart.

November 7.

I am glad that you are so much interested in *Ferns* (*Filices*) and *Mosses* (*Musci*) as to wish to know all that we know about them. We delight in *Ferns*. We intend to study them thoroughly. They have the enduring faithfulness of the sombre *Evergreens*, with the light, feathery droop of their own graceful organization. We learned to love the *Ferns* when we first came here; they welcomed us to our winter home with the unexpected tint of vernal months. Their elegant, plummy foliage clothed the sheltered banks

which slope to the mountain streams with a carpet of living verdure all winter. They extend also to the mountain tops; and some which grow high up amidst the broken rocks have a delicate beauty which looks ill-adapted to battling with the winter storms, and makes you hate to leave them in their chosen abodes. You feel as if they would be more comfortable in the softly pulverized soil of the garden-bed, and we have transplanted quantities to what we deemed a more favored spot, only to see them wither away. Some writer has said that "*Ferns* seem made to show the *perfection of a leaf*," and nothing can be more beautiful than these, so delicately cut and veined, so faultlessly graceful. I used to think *Ferns* were only leaves, with no flowering properties, and it is true that the flowering is very inconspicuous; still it exists, and if you examine them you will see upon the under side the simple inflorescence, consisting of little dots, arranged generally in the middle of the leaves or upon the edges. *Ferns* belong to Class Third (*Acrogens*), and to Order 136 (*Filices*). They are more difficult to examine than flowers, and we have made out but few of them yet; but we have found the Ebony Fern (*Asplenium-ebëneum*), a handsome species, with polished black stem and delicate foliage; also the Cinnamon Fern (*Osmunda-cinnamomea*), the stems clothed with a soft, cinnamon-colored wool, with which the Humming-birds line their tiny nests.

We have found also the pretty Rock Fern (*Allosurus-gracilis*), a delicate species growing in the crevices of rocks. But the fairest Fern that we have found is the lovely Maiden-hair (*Adiantum-pedatum*), not like the tropical Maiden-hair which adorns our Fernery, but almost as beautiful. It grows in damp, rocky woods, and the stem, after rising ten or twelve inches, throws off delicate, glittering, bluish-black stems in a horizontal direction, and upon these are strung the beautiful light-green leaflets, forming a crescent-shaped top. We have searched faithfully but fruitlessly for the Climbing Fern (*Lygodium-palmatum*), which we think ought to be found here, and which we hope yet to find. This is the most elegant of *Ferns*, if we may judge from a pressed branch given us by a friend, and is the only climbing Fern found in the United States. Then there is the Walking Fern (*Camptosorus-rhizophyllus*), which interests us from its peculiar habit of growing. The frond, or leaf-stalk, grows six or eight inches long, the slender linear point bending down till it reaches the ground, where it takes root, another plant springing up at this point

to walk along in the same manner. I told you of its being found by a little boy in the family where we were staying in Connecticut; Aunt Emily brought it home, and the vegetable pedes-



[Climbing Fern.]

trian is on his travels, a new plant having taken root at the point of the leaf.

We have also found the Least Fern, as it is called, (*Schizaea-pusilla*), the very smallest of

Ferns, and quite different from others, the leaf fronds being mere lines, and the plant only three or four inches high. This delicate little Fern is rare, and is said to be found in the United States only in New Jersey. The genus contains only ten species, which are found one at each of the following places: Van Dieman's Land, Cape of Good Hope, South America, Ceylon, East Indies, Society Islands, Trinidad, two in New South Wales, and the tenth in New Jersey.

Ferns are interesting, because belonging to the oldest of times as well as the newest. Geologists say that the world, so far as it is known, never possessed a flora that was destitute of Ferns and Pines; and they have a double and somewhat contradictory claim upon our regards. — respect for their venerable age, and admiration for the immortal youth and perpetual freshness which is their fair inheritance. There are found fossil impressions of Ferns, dating far back into the old chaotic days, "before the world was ready for the child of civilization." From these impressions we learn that in those times many of the Ferns and Mosses were of the size of forest trees, and in the warm regions at this day, some of the Ferns rise into tall and palm-like trees, but with us they do not attain great size. Impressions of Ferns are continually found upon stones of different kinds, both in other countries and in this. We were once staying in the vicinity of Boston, and a railroad was being constructed a few miles from the city. A quantity of dingy, round, uninteresting looking stones were thrown up from the depths, and deposited upon the roadside. By accident one of these was split asunder, and inside, the color of the stone was of a most delicate salmon tinged with pink, and upon this charming background were distinctly traced the impressions of Ferns in the blackest jet. Many others were afterwards broken, and presented the same appearance.

The most wonderful discoveries, however, of Fossil Ferns have been made in the "Coal Measures," as they are called, which are strata of coal with attendant rocks. The Coal Measures of Scotland occupy two thousand square miles of surface, running diagonally across the country from sea to sea, and within these are found the "true enchanted forests, stranger in their luxuriance than poet ever framed." The impressions of Fossil Ferns found in these coal beds are perfectly wonderful. They reveal dense and sombre forests, where Ferns and Mosses were of gigantic size, and showing species many of which are now extinct.

November 10.

We thought summer was over and gone to be sure. November is not usually looked upon as a summer month, but just now it certainly deserves the name. For a week or more it has been dismal enough. Nothing to tempt one out: every thing, indeed, to forbid it. A dull, dreary, chilly drizzle, the "cold November rain," and those saddest days, when summer lies dead, and the earth is covered with sackcloth, and the skies weep incessantly.

But suddenly from out this hopeless chill, this universal mourning, has come that most delicious season of warmth and brightness and dreamy softness, — the Indian Summer! Who can portray its charm? This golden atmosphere, like delicate smoke, only no smokiness of odor mingles with the faint blue film that is over every thing, a mantle of graceful haze resting on hill and valley, floating over meadow and river, obscuring nothing, but softening and glorifying all that it touches. The still woods are all filled with this tender summer glow, and you feel as if the flowers must be waiting for you in the soft, sunny nooks. The sun seems to grow wondrously large and red, and like a mighty ball of fire looks through this delectable haze with a brightness that is unclouded, but which in some mysterious manner is so divested of its fierceness, that you can gaze upon its gradual westering way with eyes unpaired. It is hard to believe that these beautiful, dreamy

days will not last ever so long, and one cannot wonder that some of the summer flies and insects are deluded from their hiding-places, to look upon that "face of Nature" which they had supposed was muffled and veiled and inexorably hidden for months to come. Truly a mysterious, lovely episode is this Indian Summer.

Can it be that nearly a year has passed since we came here? It is even so, and the seasons as they came brought their own enjoyments. It is true we are sorry that the fair and beloved summer and the glory of autumn has departed, and we would fain keep with us the delicious Indian Summer.

But we do not dread the coming winter. In this favored clime it wears no "face of horror." The woods have a touch of softness all through the dreary months, and we are glad that we tried the winter first in our country home, because we know how much it has to offer us, and how thoroughly we enjoyed it; and we shall improve greatly upon the last winter's experiences, as we were then such novices that much escaped us which will be pressed into our service now.

And when the spring shall come in "her own sweet time to awaken bud and flower," we hope that you will be with us to share our forest rambles, and to become familiar with all that has so endeared to us this charming spot, on the slope of these secluded hills.

MARY LORIMEIL.

NOVEMBER.

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,

And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

ALICE CARY.

TING-A-LING:

A MAKE-BELIEVE FAIRY TALE.

In a far country of the East, in a palace, surrounded by orange groves, where the nightingales sang, and by silvery lakes, where the soft fountains plashed, there lived a fine old king. For many years he had governed, with great comfort to himself, and to the tolerable satisfaction of his subjects. His queen being dead, his whole affection was given to his only child, the Princess Aufalia; and, whenever he happened to think of it, he paid great attention to her education. She had the best masters of embroidery and in the language of flowers, and she took lessons on the zithar three times a week.

A suitable husband, the son of a neighboring monarch, had been selected for her when she was about two hours old, thus making it unnecessary for her to go into society, and she consequently passed her youthful days in almost entire seclusion. She was now, when our story begins, a woman, more beautiful than the roses of the garden, more musical than the nightingales, and far more graceful than the plashing fountains.

One balmy day in spring, when the birds were singing lively songs on the trees, and the crocuses were coaxing the jonquils almost off their very stems with their pretty ways, Aufalia went out to take a little promenade, followed by two grim

thereby stepped up to the Princess, and asked her if she could tell him the shortest road to the baths, and if there was a good eating-house in the neighborhood. Now as that was the first time in her life that the Princess had been addressed by a young man, it is not surprising that she was too much astonished to speak, especially as this youth was well dressed, extremely handsome, and of proud and dignified manners, — although, to be sure, a little travel-stained and tired-looking.

When she had somewhat recovered from her embarrassment, she raised her veil, (as if it was necessary to do so in speaking to a young man,) and told him that she was sure she had not the slightest idea where any place in the city was, — she very seldom went into the city, and never thought about the way to any place when she did go, — she wished she knew where those places were that he mentioned, for she would very much like to tell him, especially if he was hungry, which she knew was not pleasant, and no doubt he was not used to it, but indeed she had n't any idea about the way anywhere, but —

There is no knowing how long the Princess might have run on thus (and her veil up all the time) had not the two slaves at that moment emerged from the sugar-bean shop. The sight of the Princess actually talking to a young man in the broad daylight so amazed them, that they stood for a moment dumb in the door. But, recovering from their surprise, they drew their cimeters, and ran toward the Prince (for such his very action proclaimed him to be). When this high-born personage saw them coming with drawn blades, his countenance flushed, and his eyes sparkled with rage. Drawing his flashing sword, he shouted, — "Crouch, varlets! Lie with the dust, ye dogs!" and sprang furiously upon them.

The impetuosity of the onslaught caused the two men to pause, and in a few minutes they fell back some yards, so fast and heavy did the long sword clash upon their upraised cimeters. This contest was soon over, for, unaccustomed to such a vigorous way of attacking, the slaves turned and fled, and the Prince pursued them down a long street, and up an alley, and over a wall, and through a garden, and under an arch, and over a court-yard, and through a gate, and down another street, and up another alley, and through a house,



slaves. Closely veiled, she walked in the secluded suburbs of the town, where she was generally obliged to take her lonely exercise. To-day, however, the slaves being impelled by a sweet tooth, which each of them possessed, thought it would be no harm if they went a little out of their way to procure some sugared cream-beans, which were made most excellently by a confectioner near the outskirts of the city. While they were in the shop, bargaining for the sugar-beans, a young man who was passing

and up a long staircase, and out upon a roof, and over several abutments, and down a trap-door, and down another pair of stairs, and through an-



other house, into another garden, and over another wall, and down a long road, and over a field, clear out of sight.

When the Prince had performed this feat, he sat down to rest, but, suddenly bethinking himself of the maiden, he rose and went to look for her.

"I have chased away her servants," said he, "how will she ever find her way anywhere?"

If this was difficult for her, the Prince found that it was no less so for himself, and he spent much time in endeavoring to reach again the northern suburbs of the city. At last, after con-



siderable walking, he got into the long street into which he had first chased the slaves, and, seeing a line of children eagerly devouring a line of sugared cream-beans, he remembered seeing these confections dropping from the pockets of the slaves as he pursued them, and following up the clew, soon reached the shop, and found the Princess sitting under a tree before the door. The shop-keeper, knowing her to be the Princess, had been afraid to speak to her, and was working away inside, making believe that he had not seen her, and that he knew nothing of the conflict which had taken place before his door.

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Up jumped Aufalia. "Oh! I am so glad to see you again! I have been waiting here ever so long. But what have you done with my slaves?"

"I am your slave," said the Prince, bowing to the ground.

"But you don't know the way home," said she, "and I am dreadfully hungry."

Having ascertained from her that she was the King's daughter, and lived at the palace, the Prince reflected for a moment, and then entering the shop, dragged forth the maker of sugared cream-beans, and ordered him to lead the way to the presence of the King. The confectioner, crouching to the earth, immediately started off, and the Prince and Princess side by side, followed over what seemed to them a very short road to the palace. The Princess talked a great deal, but the Prince was rather quiet. He had a great many things to think about. He was the younger son of a king who lived far away to the north, and had been obliged to flee the kingdom on account of the custom of only allowing one full-grown heir to the throne to live in the country.

"Now," thought he, "this is an excellent commencement of my adventures. Here is a truly lovely Princess whom I am conducting to her anxious parent. He will be overwhelmed with gratitude, and will doubtless bestow upon me the government of a province — or — perhaps he will make me his Vizier — no, I will not accept that, — the province will suit me better." Having settled this little matter to his mind, he gladdened the heart of the Princess with the dulcet tones of his gentle voice.

On reaching the palace they went directly to the grand hall, where the King was giving audience. Justly astounded at perceiving his daughter (now veiled) approaching under the guidance of a crouching sugar-bean maker, and a strange young man, he sat in silent amazement, until the Prince, who was used to court life, had made his manners, and related his story. When the King had heard it, he clapped his hands three times, and in rushed twenty-four eunuchs.

"Take," said the monarch, "this bird to her bower." And they surrounded the Princess and hurried her off to the women's apartments.

Then he clapped his hands twice, and in rushed twenty-four armed guards from another door.

"Bind me this dog!" quoth the King, point-

ing to the Prince. And they bound him in a twinkling.

"Is this the way you treat a stranger?" cried the Prince.

"Aye," said the King, merrily. "We will treat you royally. You are tired. To-night and to-morrow you shall be lodged and feasted daintily, and the day after we will have a celebration, when you shall be beaten with sticks, and shall fight a tiger, and be tossed by a bull, and be bowstrung, and beheaded, and drawn, and



quartered, and we will have a nice time. Bear him away to his soft couch."

The guards then led the Prince away to be kept a prisoner until the day for the celebration. The room to which he was conducted was comfortable, and he soon had a plenteous supper laid out before him, of which he partook with great avidity. Having finished his meal, he sat down to reflect upon his condition, but feeling very sleepy, and remembering that he would have a whole day of leisure, to-morrow, for such reflections, he concluded to go to bed. Before doing so, however, he wished to make all secure for the night. Examining the door, he found there was no lock to it, and being unwilling to remain all night liable to intrusion, after pondering the matter for some minutes, he took up a wide and very heavy stool, and, having partially opened the door, he put the stool up over it, partly resting it on the door and partly on the surrounding wood-work, so that if any one tried to come in, and pushed the door open, the stool would fall down and knock the intruder's head off. Having arranged this to his satisfaction, the Prince went to bed.

That evening the Princess Aufalia was in great grief, for she had heard of the sentence pronounced upon the Prince, and felt herself the cause of it. What other reason she had to grieve over the Prince's death, need not be told. Her handmaidens fully sympathized with her; and one of them, Nerralina, the handsomest and most energetic of them all, soon found, by proper inquiry, that the Prince was confined in the fourth story of the "Tower of Tears." So they devised a scheme for his rescue. Every one of the young ladies contributed their scarfs, and when they were all tied together, the conclave decided that they made a rope plenty long enough to reach from the Prince's window to the ground.

Thus much settled, it but remained to get this means of escape to the prisoner. This the lady Nerralina volunteered to do. Waiting until the dead of night, she took off her slippers, and with the scarf-rope rolled up into a ball under her arm, she silently stepped past the drowsy sentinels, and, reaching the Prince's room, pushed open the door, and the stool fell down and knocked her head off. Her body lay in the doorway, but her head rolled into the middle of the room.

Notwithstanding the noise occasioned by this



accident, the Prince did not awake; but in the morning, when he was up and nearly dressed, he

was astonished at seeing a lady's head in the middle of the room.

"Hallo!" said he. "Here's somebody's head."

Picking it up, he regarded it with considerable interest. Then seeing the body in the doorway, he put the head and it together, and, finding they fitted, came to the conclusion that they belonged to each other, and that the stool had done the mischief. When he saw the bundle of scarfs lying by the body, he unrolled it, and soon imagined the cause of the lady's visit.

"Poor thing!" said he; "doubtless the Princess sent her here with this, and most likely with a message also, which now I shall never hear. But these poor women! what do they know? This rope will not bear a man like me. Well! well! this poor girl is dead. I will pay respect to her."

And so he picked her up, and put her on his bed, thinking at the time that she must have fainted when she heard the stool coming, for no blood had flowed. He fitted on the head, and then he covered her up with the sheet; but, in pulling this over her head, he uncovered her feet, which he now perceived to be slipperless.

"No shoes! Ah me! Well, I will be polite to a lady, even if she is dead."



And so he drew off his own yellow boots, and put them on her feet, which was easily done, as they were a little too big for her. He had hardly done this, and dressed himself, when he heard some one approaching. So, hastily removing the fallen stool, he got behind the door just as a fat old fellow entered with a broadsword in one hand, and a pitcher of hot water and some towels in the other. Glancing at the bed, and

seeing the yellow boots sticking out, he muttered: "Gone to bed with his clothes on, eh? Well, I'll let him sleep!" And so, putting down the pitcher and the towels, he walked out again. But not alone, for the Prince silently stepped after him, and by keeping close behind him, followed without being heard, — his politeness having been the fortunate cause of his being in his stocking-feet. For some distance they walked together thus, the Prince intending to slip off at the first cross passage he came to. It was quite dusky in the long passage, there being no windows, and when the guard, at a certain place, made a very wide step, taking hold of a rod by the side of the wall as he did so, the Prince, not perceiving this, walked straight on, and popped right down: an open trap-door.

Nerralina not returning, the Princess was in great grief, not knowing at first whether she had eloped with the Prince, or had met with some misfortune on the way to his room. In the morning, however, the ladies ascertained that the rope was not hanging from the Prince's window, and as the guards reported that he was comfortably sleeping in his bed, it was unanimously concluded that Nerralina had been discovered in her attempt, and had come to grief. Sorrowing bitterly, somewhat for the unknown mishap of her maid of honor, but still more for the now certain fate of him she loved, Aufalia went into the garden, and, making her way through masses of rose-trees and jasmines, to the most secluded part of the grounds, threw herself upon a violet bank and wept unrestrainedly, the tears rolling one by one from her eyes, like a continuous string of pearls.

Now it so happened that this spot was the pleasure ground of a company of fairies, who had a colony near by. These fairies were about an inch and a half high, beautifully formed, and of the most respectable class. They had not been molested for years by any one coming to this spot, but as they knew perfectly well who the Princess was, they were not at all alarmed at her appearance. In fact, the sight of her tears rolling so prettily down into the violet cups, and over the green leaves, seemed to please them much, and many of the younger ones took up a tear or two upon their shoulders to take home with them.

There was one youth, the handsomest of them all, named Ting-a-ling, who had a beautiful little sweetheart called Ling-a-ting.

[To be concluded in the next number.]



MY LITTLE BANTY.

As I walked through the farm-yard one sunshiny
day,
Little Banty, my white pet, was clucking away ;
"I am bright, though I'm small," the wee thing
seemed to say,
And nobody can find the nice nest where I lay."

"Ah! my beauty," I said, "don't expect to cheat
me,
I will watch you all day, but your nest I will
see ;
I must know if your judgment with mine will
agree,
As to how many chickies you'd best hatch for
me."

Very early next morning I climbed to a seat
On the fence where the farm-yard and poultry-
yard meet,
And there, busily scratching the ground with her
feet,
I espied my white Banty, so dainty and neat.

All the other hens each to her own nest had run,
And the work of the day had in earnest begun ;
But my Bantam still tarried, as if it were fun
To see me keeping watch 'neath the burning hot
sun.

Then at last the small creature outwitted me
quite,

I but once turned my head, when she vanished
from sight ;

Through the barn-loft I ran on the left hand
and right,
Till the setting hens ruffled their feathers with
fright.

Every pile of sweet hay I had hunted behind,
But no trace of my saucy white pet could I find ;
I was beaten by one of the least of her kind,
And I walked to the house rather humbled in
mind.

Days had passed ere I walked to the farm-yard
again,
And pray who do you think ran to meet me first
then ?

As I live ! 't was my cunning old white Bantam
hen,
Now the proud little mother of wee Banties ten.

She went clucking, and fussing, and scratching
around,
As if she and her children ten owned all the
ground.

"Now," I said, "since your chickens are all safe
and sound,
Tell me why, in my long search, your nest was
not found."

"Oh to tell you I'm sure would be foolish," said
she ;

"I shall sit there while hatching my next brood,
you see."

M. H.

ANOTHER STORY OF DORY AND DORA.

PART I.



AFTER I had been back about three or four weeks at the Still Valley School, and when the spring had so far advanced that the snow was all melted away, and the ground was beginning to be dry enough in one place for us to play ball, I had been playing ball one afternoon with the rest, and was coming home to supper, when a boy met me on the way and told me that the Dominie wished to see me in his study at six o'clock.

"Six o'clock sharp!" said he. "And you'd better be on time. You'll catch it, I suppose, for something or other, at any rate; but you'll catch it all the harder if you are two minutes too late."

I was not much afraid of catching it, as the fellow said, as I knew there was nothing for me to catch it for. At least, I knew that there could not be much of any thing. Still I thought it likely

enough that the Dominie was going to find fault with me for something or other, as he very seldom sent for any of the boys unless there was something wrong. As long as we were going on well, and were making good headway in our studies, we were left to the other teachers; but just as soon as any of us began to go wrong, then, says I, look out for the Dominie.

So it happened that the Dominie very seldom had any thing to do with us except to scold us or to punish us. Still, we liked him very well for all that. I suppose it was partly because he never scolded or punished us quite so much as we deserved: and then he was always so fair with us, he never took any advantage. If we had any thing to say for ourselves, he always heard us through, and made the best of what we had to say, instead of the worst of it.

So we were not very much afraid of him, after all. At least I was not much afraid when I found I was sent for, as I knew he could not have any thing very serious against me. I take good care at school that they never can have any thing very serious against me. Getting into scrapes at school I find don't pay. Still I felt a little uneasy, or, at any rate, a little curious, to know what it was that the Dominie wanted. You may depend upon it that I took good care not to be behind time. Within half a minute of the last stroke of six on the big school clock, I knocked at the library-door.

I heard the usual response, — "Come in." I opened the door and went in. The Dominie was sitting at his great table before the fire, writing, — for it was a cool evening, and he had a little fire. He made a sign for me to take a seat, and then went on with his writing. He looked very stern: he always did look stern.

Presently he laid down his pen, and began to fold up the letter which he had been writing.

"Renwick," said he, — he always called me by my surname; I have no objection to your knowing what my surname is, though what the Christian name is that Dory stands for, is my se-

cret,—"Renwick," said he, "I find you have been neglecting your duty."

The expression on the Dominie's face continued as stern as ever while he said this; but there was, after all, a kind of a queer look mingled with it that made me suspect it was only some joke or other. So I was not much frightened, and, frightened or not, I had nothing to do but to wait patiently and hear what would come next.

"Are you not aware," said he, "that when a young gentleman has in part or in whole the care of a young lady, under circumstances of difficulty or danger from which he helps to extricate her, it is his duty soon afterward to call upon her to inquire how she is, and to ascertain whether she suffered any ill effects from the exposure?"

"Why yes, sir," I said; "I suppose he is."

I did not know it in fact; or, rather, I never thought of it particularly, but I did not know what else to say. The Dominie then took up a letter from the table, and said,—

"Here is a letter which I received yesterday from the conductor of the Still Valley Railroad. I will read it to you."

So he read the letter. The substance of it was to say to the Dominie that in the month of March, in one of the great snow-storms, one of the cars in a train coming up the Valley got left behind on the track, by accident, where it was soon almost buried up in the snow; that the only passengers in that car were a lady and child, and a boy who said his name was Dory; that the boy took excellent care of the lady and child all night, and not only so, but by his presence of mind and ingenuity in contriving to set up a red flag—though where he got it they had never been able to ascertain—he had saved the car from being run into by the snow-plough which came up afterward, and so being dashed to pieces; that the lady felt very grateful to him for what he had done, and had made a great many inquiries to find out who he was and where he lived, but had not succeeded. All she knew was that he said he belonged to a school up the Valley somewhere, and that the boys at the school called him Dory, though he would not tell what name Dory stood for. The letter said also that the Company were very much obliged to the boy for what he had done, and had directed the conductor to send him a free ticket for that road all summer, and wished the Dominie, if there was a boy called Dory in his school, to thank him in the name of the Company, and to give him the free ticket, which was inclosed.

When the Dominie had finished reading the letter he handed me the free ticket, saying, as he did so, "I suppose there is no doubt that you are the boy."

I took the ticket and looked at it, but I was confused, and did not know what to say. The Dominie waited a moment, and then he went on to tell me that it was a rule of polite society for a gentleman, after having met with such an adventure in company with a lady, in the course of which she had suffered more or less of hardship and exposure, to call upon her as soon as possible afterward, to inquire in respect to her health, and to ascertain whether she had suffered any ill consequences from the affair. I ought to have attended to that duty long ago, he said. He would not, however, ask me what excuse I had for not having performed it, provided I would attend to it now, without any further delay.

I knew that this was all in fun, although he was perfectly sober in saying it. He knew very well that I could not have gone to see Dora. I did not even know the name of the town she lived in.

However, he had found out the name of the town. It was Manton, and about five or six miles from Blake's Corner, the station that they took us to after they got us out of the drift, on the night when we were snowed up. The Dominie said I must now go to Manton, without any more delay, and call upon Dora and her mother; and for my punishment for not having gone before, he said I must take Susie with me.

Susie was his little girl. She had been sick, but was now nearly well, and the Dominie said that a little excursion would be just the thing for her. "You will find her a great deal of trouble," said he, "but not too much for the punishment you deserve for not having called upon Dora before."

I knew that the Dominie meant this only in fun, for Susie was a cunning little thing, and all the boys were very fond of her, and were always extremely pleased when her mother would allow her to go anywhere with them. Besides, I felt quite proud that the Dominie was willing to trust her with me on so long an excursion. So it was settled that I was to set out the next day with Susie, in the down-train, and go to Blake's Corner. There we were to get a chaise, or something, at a livery stable, and go to Manton. We were to stay there as long as we liked, and then come home in the afternoon or evening.

But this fine plan was destined not to be carried into effect. That night Susie was sick. She

was feverish and restless, they said, and coughed a great deal. The next morning the Dominie told me that Susie had taken cold, and the excursion would have to be put off for a day or two.

But it proved to be no cold at all. It was the beginning of the measles. The next day she broke out all over. I went in to see her, for I had had the measles. She was not very sick, but she had to remain in her room and take medicine every two hours, to keep her from getting very sick. The end of it was, that our expedition, instead of being postponed for a day or two, was put off more than two weeks; so that it was after the middle of May when we actually set out. I was glad of it when the time really came, for it was a pleasanter season, and if I had gone when we first planned it, I should not have had such a good time at the picnic, that you will hear about.

When the time came at last, we started. I was to go on my free ticket, and the Dominie gave me the money to pay Susie's fare, and with it enough to pay for the horse and carriage from Blake's Corner to Manton. I did not wish him to do that, as I had money enough of my own; but he said he preferred to do it, since I was going to take Susie with me.

We took the earliest train, so as to have a good long day before us. Susie was so pleased to be going on a journey, that she skipped and jumped all the way to the station. We got good seats in the car; and when the conductor came round to collect the tickets, I showed him my free ticket, and at the same time offered him the money for Susie's fare. The conductor looked at me, when he had taken the ticket, and said,—

"Ah! I remember you, I believe. You are the young gentleman who got snowed up in the train last winter, and took such good care of my passengers."

I told him that I was snowed up, but that I did not do much for the passengers. There was not much that I could do.

"All right!" said he. "And is this young lady travelling under your charge?"

I told him that she was.

"Then," said he, "I shall not take any fare from her. Your ticket carries you and your party—unless you bring too large a party with you." Then he went on.

The country was beautiful, and Susie and I had such a nice time in the car, that we were sorry when we got to Blake's Corner.

"But never mind," says I to Susie; "we will

have a nice ride now in the chaise, or else in a wagon. We'd better take a wagon, for then we can see all around us better. Would not you like to go in a wagon?"

Susie did not answer very promptly. She hesitated a little, as if she were afraid, and then said timidly, that she thought a chaise would be prettier, but she would go in a wagon if I thought it was best. I determined to take a chaise, and I took hold of her hand and we walked along together to the stable-yard, which was in the rear of the tavern.

The man who kept the stable kept the tavern too. It was the same tavern where Dora and her mother and I stopped to wait for the up-train, on the morning after we got out of the drift. I remembered him, but he did not remember me. He and the hostler were standing near the stable-door when we came into the yard. The man was short and thick, and looked good-natured enough, but seemed to be wondering what we could be coming for. The hostler stood by, with his apron on, and his curry-comb in his hand.

"Well, young gentleman!" said he, when I had come near enough for him to speak to me.

I told him I wanted to hire a horse and chaise to go out to Manton, and come back that afternoon in time for the up-train, and asked him if he had a good one to let me.

"I have a good chaise," said he, "and plenty of good horses; but none to let to such a youngster as you—not to go to Manton. It's seven or eight miles."

I was rather taken aback at this, and for a moment did not know what to say. The hostler, however, after staring at me a moment earnestly, and then looking at Susie, whispered something in the man's ear. The man looked at me again, and then asked,—

"Are you one of the boys from the Still Valley School?"

I told him I was.

"And is this girl the Doctor's daughter?"

I told him she was.

He hesitated a moment, looking first at one of us and then at the other.

"How comes the Doctor to trust his child with you so far away from home?"

"Because he knows me," said I—"or, at least, he thinks he does."

The man smiled, but seemed to hesitate still. Presently he said,—

"If the Doctor feels safe in letting you have his child, I don't know but that I might trust you with a horse. But then," he added, after think-

ing a moment, "I have not got any horse in, this morning, excepting Spanker, and Spanker is rather too spirited a horse for any boy to drive."

Here the hostler whispered something again into the man's ear.

"Is it?" said he. And he looked at me again quite earnestly.

"Are you the boy that got snowed up in a car last winter, with a lady and child?"

I told him I was.

"Let him have Spanker, Tom," said he, turning again to the other. "I'll trust him."

He then told me to go into the house with Susie, and take a seat in the parlor until the horse and chaise were ready. So we went in. In about ten minutes the horse and chaise came to the door. It was a very pretty chaise, and a most elegant black horse. The hostler put the chaise-top down, so that we could see all around perfectly well. Thus we had the elegance of a chaise, combined with the convenience of a wagon. We took our seats and set off. Spanker carried us over the ground like a bird.

THE "ONCE UPON A TIME CLUB."

ROUGH'S STORY OF THE OLD MAN AND THE APE.

It was Rough's turn for the next story, but more than a month passed before the "Once Upon a Time Club" met again, and then, not upon the roof, of a hot moonlight night, but in the ruin of an old saw-mill in Sleepy Hollow, and on a gray, blustering autumn Saturday.

The open end of the saw-mill, into which there blew, with every back-hander of the northeaster, little flocks of fluttering, crackling leaves, — yellow, scarlet, purple, oaks, maples, chestnuts, and all the rich variegations and variations of leaf color and kind, — looked down a brook that hurried, with a steady run here and a sudden jump there, to the Hudson, six miles away. It was a cool gray day, but there were pleasant summery vistas through the partly stripped trees over the brook-course to the southwest, — glimpses of view that seemed in contrast to the sound of the harsh wind that scolded and threatened against the wall-side of our retreat. Although this sitting of the "Once Upon a Time Club" was at a point seven miles distant from our boarding-school, yet we had brought Rough, as he always travelled with us, on our backs. However, we got a lift over part of the road in a farm-wagon that was going in our direction.

And now as Rough was about to tell his story, he sat facing the out-of-door scene, with his back against one of the sides of the chimney-place, bending a stick against his knees, and now and then turning his head to spit accurately and thoughtfully into the blaze.

His voice was clear, strong, and deep.

"Mind you, fellows, I want it understood that I am not to be asked whether my story is true

or not. It is no matter whether I heard it from some one else or made it up myself. Perhaps I was one of the actors in it, only under another name and on better legs. Perhaps — a good many things. At any rate, here is the story: —

"Alden Holly — none of you fellows ever knew him — was a good one, I tell you. He is a detective officer in New York now. When he was a boy they called him Lucky Holly, but I don't believe much in luck. *Luck* — pshaw! — call it, I say, good sense, steady nerves, pluck. From the time he fell out of a second-storey window on to a big Newfoundland dog until he was a man, he kept constantly falling into all kinds of dangers, but always lighting feet first on something soft. Alden was an only son, and his father was a rich man for those times and that part of the country. He can't be a detective officer now for want of money, I guess, but just because that sort of business — where a long-auger brain, quick wit, ready hands, steel nerves, and unflinching pluck are wanted — is what he loves and shines in. Once when Alden Holly was about fourteen years old, he was at home from boarding-school in vacation, when something occurred which occasioned more than nine days' talk in the rustic community around his father's home. Mr. Holly, being a rich and generous man, lived in some style, having a large house and ample grounds, and entertaining his friends with the best of every thing he could command.

"In the same county were three or four other rich families at distances of ten and twelve miles from one another, and in the course of the three years preceding this vacation time of young

Holly at home, each one of these few great houses had been robbed. At one time two of them were broken into during one week. Then eight months passed, and another was robbed. After that there was a period of two years, and the fourth was entered and emptied. In every case the burglar or burglars took every thing of value — silver from the closets, money from desks, and watches even from beneath the pillows of the sleepers. Yet not the slightest trace was ever found of the offenders. Whether one or a dozen men executed these skillful robberies, whether they commenced the forays from within or without, whether the robber or robbers were black or white, male or female, could not be discovered. Not a clew of any kind was there by which to track them. The best police officers from large cities came to the county, lived there for weeks at different times, left detectives who prowled about for months, and yet, though, too, the whole county was in a fever of excitement and indignation after each new robbery, nothing was discovered. In those three years, not a single article of the large amount of stolen property was ever recognized among all the other discoveries of turned-up plunder in the large cities where such goods find circulation and market. The county magistrates were utterly perplexed and humbled, and the crafty city police, with all their smartness, were brought to a stand without sight or scent.

"I like to hear of a big burglary — don't you? How it was planned, executed, and finally its authors tracked out. I'll bet you all do. To Alden Holly, those daring and successful robberies in his own county were subjects of the greatest interest, and he used to study them out as faithfully as the officers whose business was to do that. The puzzle of how it was all done worried him as much as them. But somehow neither he nor his father ever imagined they should suffer from the rascals. Their house, they thought, was too well fastened and guarded to tempt robbery.

"The county in which Alden Holly lived was an agricultural county, not very thickly settled, which bordered on the sea. There were only a few rich families in it, as I have said. The county town, so called, was a small village with a court-house in it. Lying in the sea, from half a mile to a mile off the coast of this county, were a number of small low islands, some barren and unsightly, others wild and well timbered, and yet one or two that were salt swamps, swept by every tide. These islands were all lonely places,

seldom visited. To two or three, where wild fowl abounded, some of the gentlemen of leisure in the county used to go for shooting in the fall; and one of the islands, the wildest and most inaccessible, — because of a wide border of salt-marsh, too nasty to wade through and too hard to push a boat through, — but the best timbered and most picturesque, had two inhabitants — an old man and an ape. The county people said that these two had been cast ashore there many years ago at the time of a shipwreck, when a small Cuban brig had sunk just off that island, the man (one of the sailors) escaping with his ape on a raft which the sea tossed up there.

"Alden Holly had twice seen the old man on the rather rare occasions of his visits to the mainland, where he came to peddle moss and shells. He was a large, gray, and rough-bearded old man, much bent, and leaning on a long staff. He spoke very little, and then only in broken English, hardly intelligible; and he seemed a very honest and devout old man, selling his goods cheaply; and always, when one purchased from him, casting up his eyes to heaven, and ejaculating 'Tank God.' He had once or twice brought the ape with him, fastened by a stout chain, but Alden had never seen the two together, and had an intense curiosity to see the beast, that he had heard was about five feet in height, and very savage. So, a year before the occasion of this story, Alden had, in his usual spirit of adventure, embarked one day in a small flat-bottomed boat, to visit Sir Orang-outang's island abode. He got out there safely enough, it being a quiet morning, but he found the usual difficulty in landing. 'So,' thought he, 'that old man is not such a fool as always to travel through a mud-marsh every time he goes to and from his island; I must go about a bit, and find where he does land.' With this intention, he pulled slowly along the shore, until, away on the further side, he discovered a stream like a ditch-course, leading through the marsh. Up that he paddled, and found a good landing. After a few minutes walking on a foot-path, through thick brush and over-reaching vines, he came upon the abode of Sir Orang-outang and master — a house half cave and half cabin — but every thing fastened so that Alden could not effect an entrance. However, it was evident that the two friends were absent, and Alden, after waiting for hours, had to take his journey homeward, unsuccessful in his search. A heavy wind was blowing off the sea now, which soon increased to such a gale, that, in spite of all the boy's efforts, the flat-bottomed

boat suddenly turned over on its stomach, and left Alden fighting in the rough waves. But he managed in a few minutes to climb on the up-turned craft, and came ashore, near night, on the top of a breaker, that stove his boat in pieces, and tossed him breathless, wet, and cold, on the stony shore.

"Well, boys, I have had to ramble off some distance since I said that something occurred in Alden's fourteenth year, when he was home in vacation, that made a great excitement in the county. However,—to take it up now,—Alden Holly was at home, and upon awaking one morning an impression, like the remembrance of a dream, came over him, that he had seen during his sleep, or partial sleep, a very small man glide across his room and get out of the window. 'What a strange idea,' he thought, 'to wake up with. It's funny I should only remember that part of my dream, just like one single scene out of a play—funny, that it is, but I must look at my watch and see if it is time yet to turn out.' So he put his hand under the pillow—fumbled about—then turned the pillow over—then pulled off the bolster; *no watch was there.* The house had been robbed: every ounce of silver taken; four hundred and fifty dollars in gold gone from his father's secretary, and three watches taken out of the rooms. As Alden, at the breakfast-table, was telling how he had seen, though he had thought it only a dream at the time, a dwarf of a man cross his room and get out of the window, he said, in answer to the eager inquiries that hailed this statement,— 'I don't remember the face at all, and don't know whether I saw it, but the figure was a small one, I tell you.'

" 'About what size?' some one asked.

" 'Well—let me see.' Just at that moment, a little woman not more than five feet high, who had been working in the Holly kitchen for about six weeks, and who had come to Mr. Holly's housekeeper in seeming distress, begging for employment, appeared at the door of the large butler's pantry adjoining the dining-room, to hand a plate of cakes to the waiter. Alden's eyes happened to fall on her just as he was trying to tell the robber's size, and he continued,— 'Why, just about the size, both in height and slimness, of Jane there.' As he spoke the words, she started suddenly, and dropped her plate of cakes.

" 'With no better success than in the investigation of the other burglaries, the neighbors and the city police searched for a clew to the robbers.

Every corner of the county was pried into; every suspicious person examined; but all in vain.

"Alden Holly was with the officers in all their searchings, and he was present, too, at all their deliberations in his father's house. The police were much pleased by the keen interest the boy took in the hunt, and they were astonished and assisted often by the wisdom of his suggestions. Never in his life had Alden been so wrapped up in any one subject as he was in that of the burglaries. He thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night. And he had certain undefined suspicions or guesses of how the affair had been effected, which seemed so vague and without reason, that he would not mention them to any one, but kept puzzling them over in his own head, hoping all the while that some discovery or theory of the detectives might coincide with and strengthen his singular ideas.

"All this time his vacation was drawing nearer and nearer to a close. Before that day came, however, there were two little occurrences that were of much consequence, though they appear very slight. He was at breakfast with his father one morning, and Jane, the little woman I have told you of, was waiting on them in the absence of the regular servant. Purposely Alden asked of his father, whilst he all the time kept his eyes on Jane,— 'Father, have you any objection to my going over to the old man's island this morning? I have never seen that Orang-outang yet, and am very curious on the subject.' Jane heard the request with evident nervousness. Alden went immediately from the breakfast to the coast, where he got a boat and crossed to the island. The old man met him as sullenly as he did all visitors to his peculiar domain, affecting to misunderstand his questions, and making short and indefinite answers; but when Alden said,— 'But I came especially to see your ape: where is he?' the old hermit was very careful and obliging in his account of how the ape had escaped, as he would sometimes, and that though he could not find him on the island, yet he *was there*, hidden somewhere, and would soon return.

"Alden was to go back to boarding-school in a week after this incident, and the second occurrence that influenced the after-course of events, probably, was the rather boastful statement that Alden made to his father, a few mornings after his visit to the island, and which he did most carelessly, ignorant of the fact that the same little Jane was close on the other side of the closet

door, which stood ajar. They were talking, as so often they did, of the burglary, and finally Alden said, 'Father, I know, I am sure, something sharp about the affair, and I can't tell you a word now of my reasons or suspicions. I shall study them up, and let you know when I get back to school, with time to weigh coolly all I have picked up; but I'll bet little John Knob, with all his smartness, that I will unravel the mystery before he does.'

"The day before Alden's departure for school, it happened that little Jane came, with tears in her eyes and a black-sealed letter in her hand, to beg Mr. Holly to let her go home to Overstone, one hundred miles away, where the only relative she had on earth was dying. She had just got a letter from the lady at whose house her relative worked, telling her to come quickly, she said. Of course Mr. Holly said 'Yes,' and I shall add here to his 'yes,' that little Jane never reappeared at the Holly place.

"It was on a Wednesday morning that Alden Holly drove over to the county town and took the cars for his boarding-school, which was in Napville, sixty miles off. Soon after the cars started, a man entered the carriage in which Alden was seated, and took the place beside him. He was a good-looking man—that is, he was well and cleanly dressed, strongly built, and had dark curly hair and beard; but the expression of his face was reckless and cruel. He appeared to be a sea-faring man, or, at least, to have been such at some time of his life. In a sociable, jovial manner, he soon entered into conversation with the boy beside him, and made himself so interesting that Alden was delighted with his companion. As they drew near one of the railroad stations, he said, 'Young gentleman, I wish you were a poor boy with a taste for the sea, for I should like mightily to ship you for a voyage that a trim little brig of mine will soon make from Grayhead, two miles from the station we are coming to. In all my sea-going—and it has been considerable—I never saw such a swan of a craft. Come now, my young Captain, and jump out with me here to see my *Sweetheart*—that is what I call her. We can ride over to the Head, and you can take the three o'clock train to finish your journey by. Say you will, now'—and with that he gave Alden a warm, hearty slap on the knee.

"Alden was much pleased by the manner of this frank, brave-seeming tar, and he was somewhat flattered by the notice the man took of him. Moreover, he did above all things like tarpaulins,

canvas, salt-water, and all that brotherhood. And add to all, there was no need for him to be at his boarding-school before night, and his ticket would carry him as well by the next train; so, after a moment's thought, he answered,—

"Thank you, I will go with you. I should like it first rate.'

"In a moment the whistle blew and they were at the station. The boy and his nautical friend started on foot for the Grayhead wharves. It was a cool, blustering day something like this, and the autumn wind came scudding over Grayhead harbor to nip the cheeks of the two companions, blow open their jackets, and remind them of luncheon; so Blackbeard proposed to Alden that they should step into a tavern before going down to the brig, and get a bite of something. To which Alden assented, and they entered an inn where the few sailors around the Head loved to congregate. The public room was full of oaths, blue-jackets, and smoke. Blackbeard, greeting many of the men by name, seated himself with Alden by a small table in a corner, and called for beer and sausages. You must know that thus far Alden had enjoyed his adventure greatly. He had borne a brisk part in the conversation, and now that he entered the tavern so intimately with Blackbeard, who was evidently a big gun among the company there, he felt the full charm of a scene and act like those we read of in sea novels,—you know the kind, fellows: little chapters in port, where crews of Captain Marryatt, or men from that "Cruise of the Midge," or companions of "The Green Hand," or "White Jacket," meet in low sanded bar-rooms; where small, wind-shaken windows look out on a harbor, and a neat, saucy little bar-maid brings them beer and cigars, and smiles coquettishly at their jokes. Yes, he felt precisely as if he had been suddenly clapped down into the reality of one of those fascinating pages; so he nibbled away at his prog—so Blackbeard called the sausage and biscuits—and drank his beer thirstingly. But whilst Blackbeard told him of some wild sea adventure, he felt himself growing very sleepy, and unaccountably confused in his thoughts and hearing. In five minutes more, his head had fallen on the table, and he was snoring heavily.

"Alden Holly had been drugged.

"When the poor boy recovered consciousness, he found himself lying on his back, his hands tied, in a dark, cellar-smelling place. His head was hot and throbbing, and of course the strange and terrible circumstances of his situation made him feel very miserable. Determined, with his

usual fire, to ascertain at any rate the worst, he called out as loud as his lungs would allow him, until a gleam of light came from an opening above, and he saw descending on a ladder, lantern in hand, an Orang-outang. This brute, having reached the floor, approached him in a nearly erect attitude, sometimes changing a shambling gait for a jump or two. Having come close to Alden, he leaned over him as if for a careful inspection, and Alden, looking with fear into the eyes peering over him, was astonished at the expression of those large intelligent eyes, that seemed to be laughing sneeringly at his misfortune. The ape was gone in a minute, and returned as quickly again, bringing some food in

one hand and an axe in the other. The food he put down beside Alden, and, keeping the axe in hand, he then untied the boy's hands. Before Alden had fully recovered from the numbness of his limbs, the strange jailer had left him again alone in his dungeon. Whilst Alden sat up and munched the loaf of bread left him, his mind was very busy, trying to rehearse not only his adventures since taking the cars for boarding-school, and the few but remarkable facts of his present imprisonment, but also all he knew of the burglary at his father's house, and trying, too, to compare and reconcile them with the suspicions that he had once hinted of to his father,—he had only hinted at them, they had appeared too



improbable and foundationless at the time, to permit him to disclose them. He had feared he would be laughed at, and yet, notwithstanding his reason had opposed him, he had held those convictions with great faith; 'and now,' he thought, 'I begin to see the proof of them. If it were not for the evidences I thought the burglary furnished, the fright I gave the little Jane, and the visit I paid to the old man when *his ape was absent*, I should never doubt, notwithstanding the human look of those eyes, that the Orang-outang was an Orang-outang, but now I feel sure of something else. Oh, if I can only get out of this place, won't I fix some scoundrels?'

"Alden's place of confinement, as I have said, was perfectly dark. Where he lay there seemed to be a bed of rushes or shavings. He felt in his pockets and found *seven* matches. He determined to light one now and see his prison. He struck the match carefully and looked about: yes, he was in a cellar without a window; the room was only about twelve feet square, but it was very deep,—he supposed twenty feet,—and the only apparent mode of entrance and exit was the ladder descending from a trap-door.

"Alden fell asleep again. When he awoke,—probably the next day,—he called out for food. The trap-door was lifted carefully; a loaf of

bread was thrown to the prisoner, and then a can of water was lowered by a string. The young prisoner was not to see his jailer or jailers, not even the hideous Orang-outang, again, whilst he remained in the cellar. Having eaten all the food allowed him, the gritty boy set to work for another reconnoissance of his cell — allowing himself three matches this time. Before they and the few shavings he lighted were exhausted, he made a discovery that cheered him greatly. High up in one corner he found what he believed to be an old board, about a foot square, closing up what had once been a small window-place, or opening of some kind. Noiselessly now, and in the dark, he moved the ladder to that corner, and proved his conjecture correct. By the exertion of some strength, he could move the board a little. There were probably earth and stones piled against it from the outside. 'All right,' he said to himself; 'perhaps I shall leave this place to-night. I must be cool and patient, though.' He replaced the ladder, and waited for night, or rather, for the time he supposed to be night. It was a long, long worrying waiting, but when he supposed it must be evening, he heard the sound of feet above, and believed, as was correct, that his captors had come home for supper. Again he anxiously hoped for some other move. After what seemed half a night of suspense, he distinguished footsteps overhead, and this time they grew more distinct all at once, and he could catch the mumble of conversation. It came from the corner over the dead window. There Alden quickly put his ladder, thinking that when those noises ceased, his jailers would probably be asleep, and then for his chance of escape. Standing near the top of the ladder, he found he could just make out a word of their talk now and then, but nothing that taught him any thing comprehensible, until, when they once raised their voices as if disputing, he heard this partly broken sentence, — 'I tell you we are in danger — we must be off quickly, you fool;' — there was much apparent quarreling here that he could not understand, they talked so fast and thick, and then he heard, — 'Shut up, Gus; I am sleepy! Don't let's come to a fight, for I can't fight three — an ape, a woman, and a man, dwarfs though you all be.' After time enough had passed, and all the mumbling had ceased, Alden went to work. Half an hour of digging and pushing removed the obstruction, and Alden, by tight squeezing, made his way to the outside. By the light of the stars, he saw, as he expected, that he had been confined in a cellar beneath the old man's

cave-house on the island. Quickly as possible he made his way by the path he had before trodden in daylight, to the creek. Striking the three matches remaining to him, he found the old man's boat and oars. When he had pulled around the island, the moon came out, and by that light he made his way quickly and safely to the shore, four miles from his father's house. There he arrived at daylight.

"It was late in the afternoon before a party, hastily organized, and augmented by police, got over to the island. It was deserted; every thing left, evidently, in the greatest haste, and about two miles off seaward was a sloop under all the canvas she could carry, standing for the east. But here were the proofs of a regular retreat for the robbers, although nothing of any value was discovered. The booty had probably been taken off from time to time by accomplices afloat. Coming, perhaps, for another cargo, they had arrived in time to carry off the old man and his ape. Nothing more was ever discovered of the scoundrels. But the suppositions, to explain the strange career of the two villains, were, that old age for one, and a perfect Orang-outang disguise and adroitness for the other, were the devices to avoid suspicion, whilst the neighborhood of the rich houses was visited. The man's feebleness, devoutness, and broken English, taken with the facts of his apparent poor and hermit-like existence, and that he had no comrade, only an immense ape, shielded him from all suspicion as a most skillful burglar. Added to this, the rarely seen ape was a man — a little, muscular fellow, delicate in form and face, but active as a cat, and not troubled with a beard. In the dress of a woman, he had got entrance into Mr. Holly's house as a domestic, and thus prepared the way for his accomplice. And that accomplice, the apparent old man, was, Alden always thought, the very man who, otherwise disguised, met him in the cars and captured him so adroitly, to prevent the disclosure of the rascalities which Alden had got the scent of. Jane — the ape — saw that Alden vaguely suspected her or him and the ape as identical, and by leaving Mr. Holly's house, managed to get the information to his partner.

"Hi! there, my coves," said Rough, as with a sigh of relief he finished his story, "my yarn is done and I am glad of it. If you don't like it, you can do the other thing." We gave Rough, every one, a commendatory slap on his broad back, and then pitched into our lunch before starting homeward in the autumn storm.

VIRUX MOUTACHE.



Mother Goose Melodies.

"TO BED, TO BED, SAYS SLEEPY HEAD."

MUSIC BY CHARLES MOULTON, of Paris

To bed, to bed, says Sleep - y Head; Let's stay a - while, says

Slow, Let's stay a - while, says Slow; Put on the pot, says Greedy

Gut, We'll sup be - fore we go, We'll sup be - fore we go.



ILLUSTRATED CHARADE.

[A WORD OF TWO SYLLABLES.]



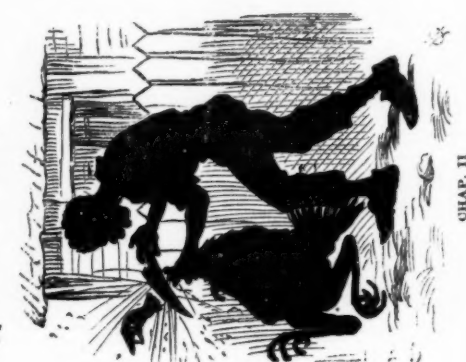
FIRST SYLLABLE.



SECOND SYLLABLE.

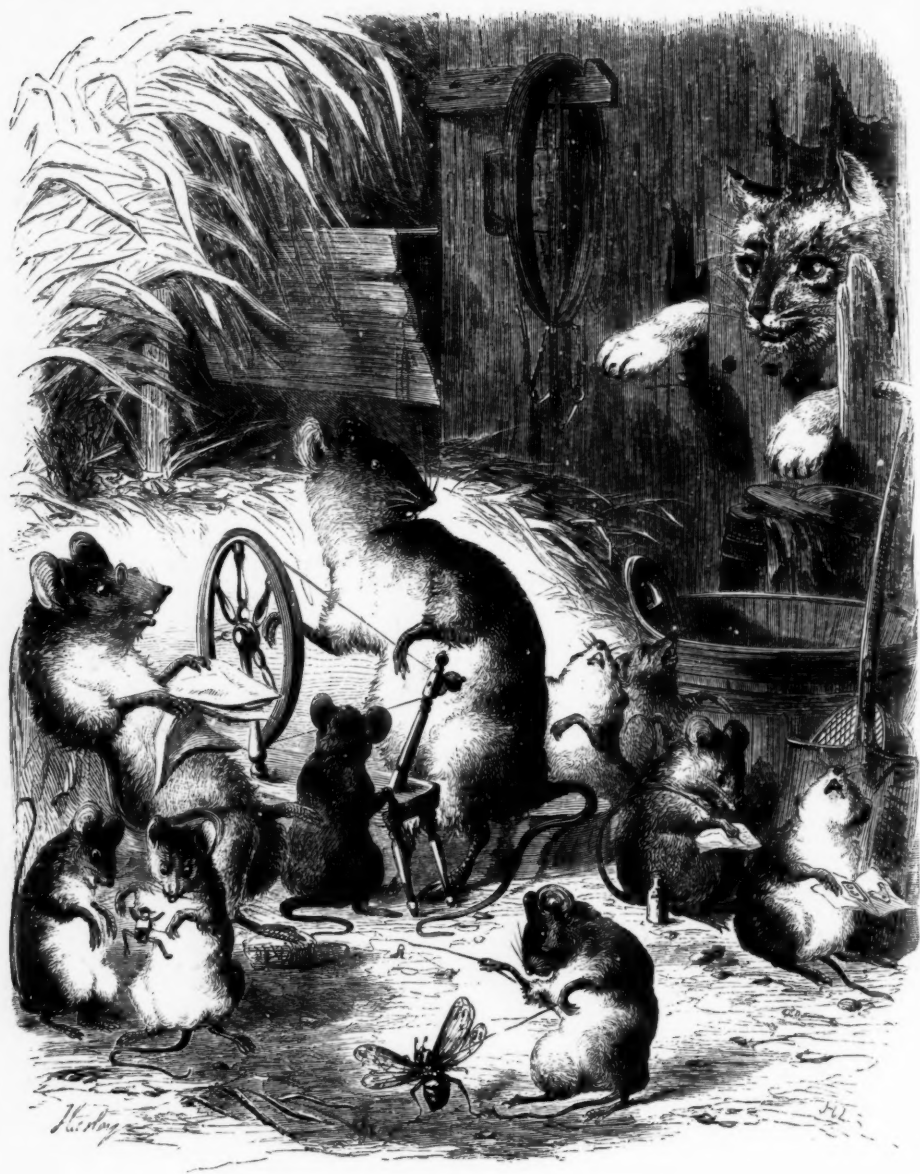
In the last Number the Hunter was formed out of the Game and Tree. His face is formed by the wing of the bird hanging from the tree, and his cap by twigs. He holds a pipe in his hand, the bowl of

which is the fastening of his game-bag. A gun rests on his arm, and a bottle is by his leg. The answers to the Charades are *Tiberius* and *Knapsack*.





UOLM



Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
 Pussy came by, and she popped her head in:
 "Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
 "Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

UoP M